

# THE VOYAGEUR

*May ~ 1928*

Volume 1

Number 1



PICKERING COLLEGE  
NEWMARKET  
ONTARIO















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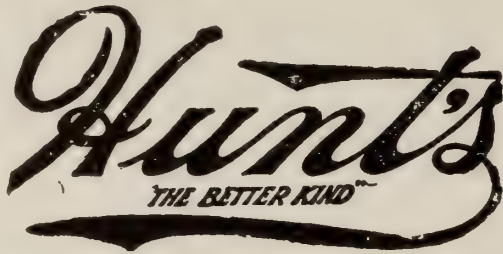
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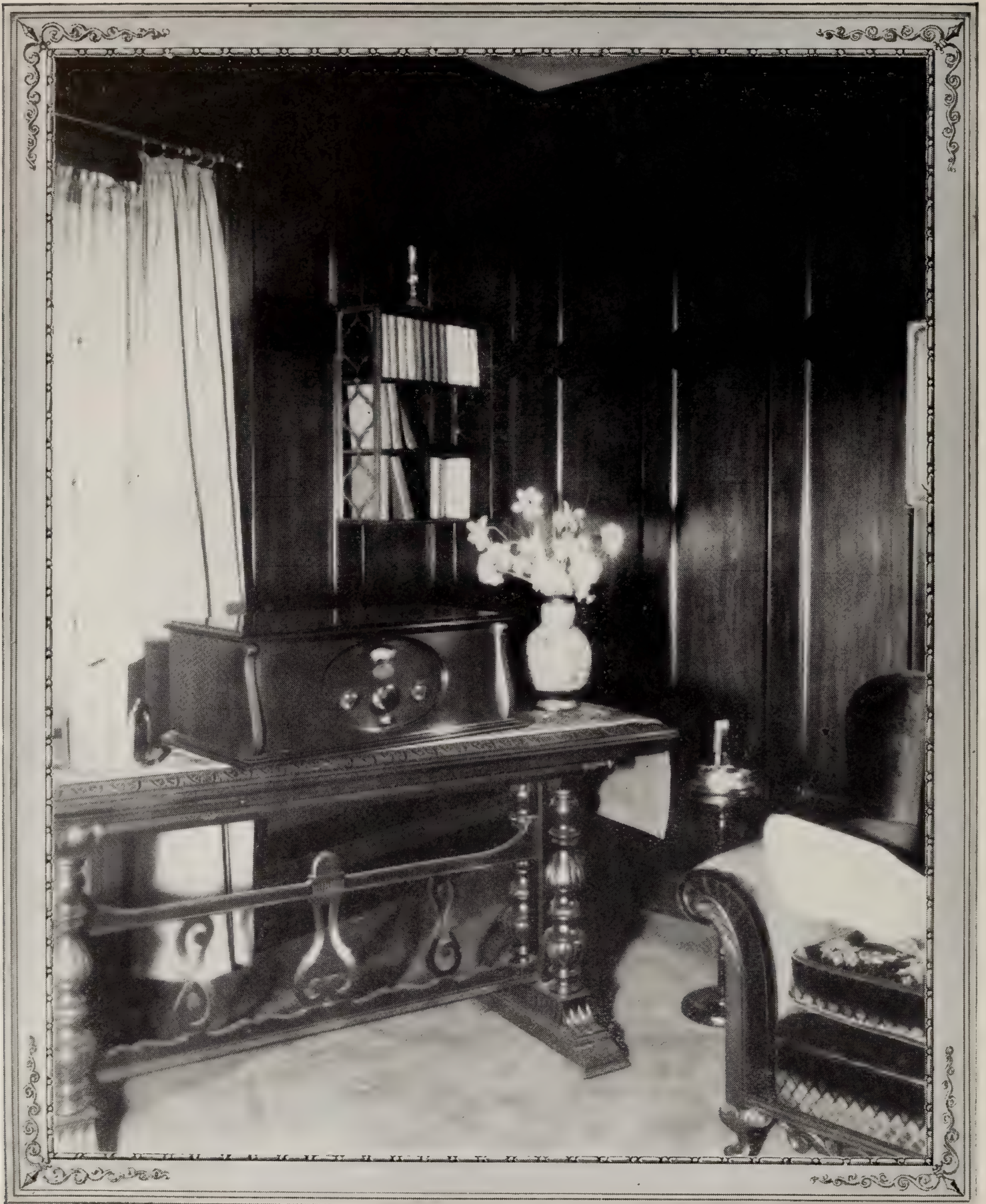
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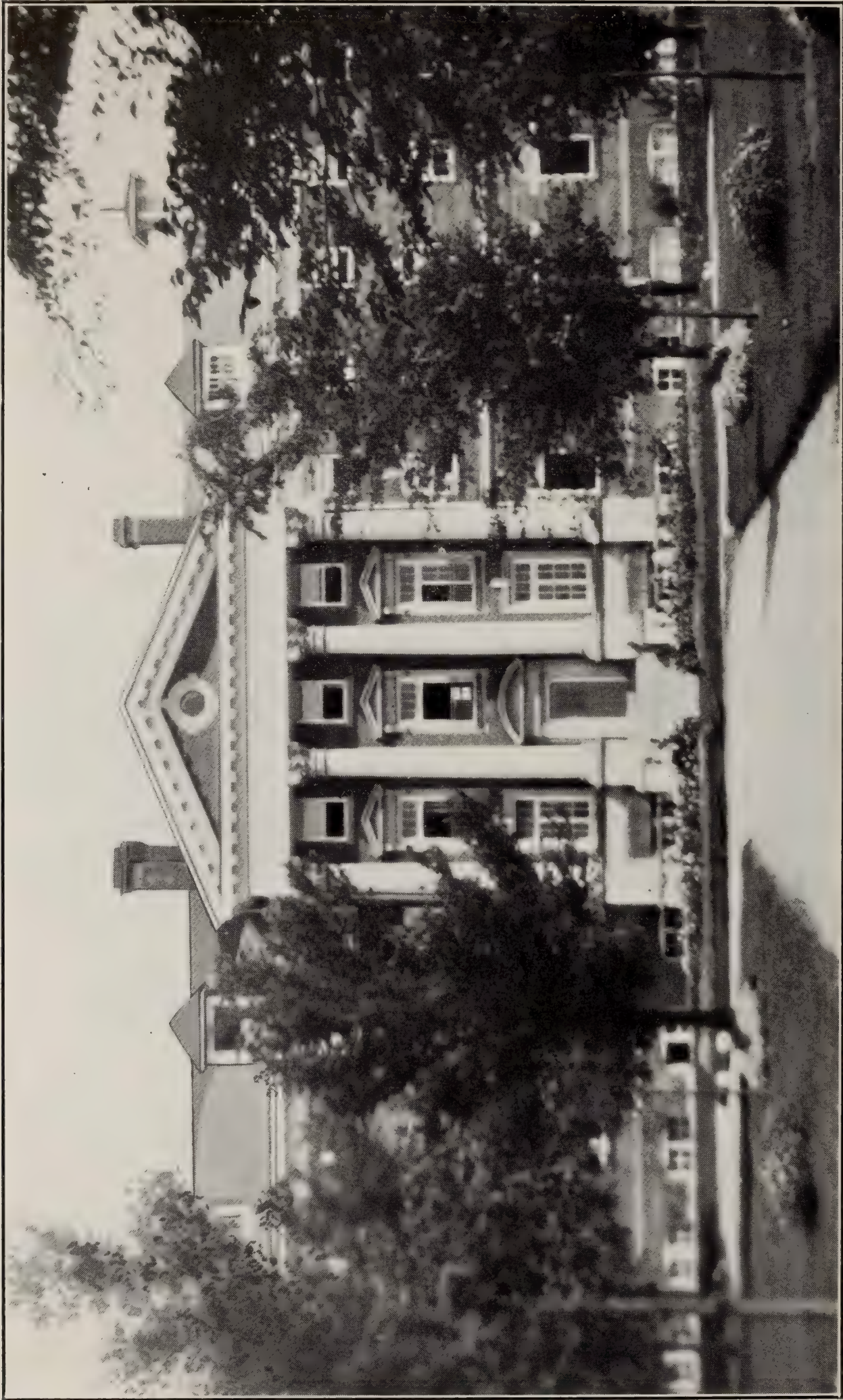
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PICKERING COLLEGE, NEWMARKET



## Dedication

To those noble spirits who in pioneer days founded Pickering College and in spite of many difficulties and handicaps carried the work through to glorious achievement, to Dr. and Mrs. Firth, who carried the burden of the task during a quarter of a century of self-sacrificing labour, to that group of idealists whose enthusiasm believed that there was still a further contribution that Pickering College could make to the cause of Christian education in Canada, and to Mr. A. S. Rogers, whose interest is so largely responsible for the successful re-opening of the school, this, the first official publication is most respectfully and affectionately dedicated.



JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.  
*Headmaster*



## A Personal Word

“Education is the creation of attitudes.” This is one of my favorite definitions and in a word it sums up what we have been and are endeavouring to do at Pickering College.

When the opportunity was offered to me of having a part in carrying on the fine traditions of an old school it was with a feeling of real pleasure that I approached the task of making the new institution one that might embody the best features of home and school life. My previous contacts with boys had all been of a personal and informal character, in camps and clubs, and I was most anxious that this attitude of ‘camaraderie’ and intimate friendship between old and young should be at the very basis of our community life. Boys respond to trust and friendship; a confidence reposed is never betrayed; these axioms are basic to the Pickering idea and during this, our first year, my confidence has been more than amply justified.

Of the material equipment so generously provided by our enthusiastic Board it is not necessary for me to speak. Suffice it to say that throughout the renovation of the building and in the addition of new equipment it was our constant aim to provide an environment as comfortable and artistic as was practicable, wherein boys might get an education that would fit them as Christian citizens to take their places in the larger world outside.

For the loyalty and devotion of the staff in this first, strenuous, year I want to make frank acknowledgment of my indebtedness. Without their constant co-operation and their enthusiastic acceptance of our ideal it would have been impossible to have even approached a realization of our dream.

Boys are boys the world over, but it has been a real privilege to have been associated this year with that group of some seventy-five whose parents had sufficient faith in our ideal to entrust the task of educating their sons to us. I, personally, am the richer for many friendships and confidences and it is with real pride that I look back over the associations of the past months. May I thank every member of the school for his part in the successes that we have already met. Permit me also to extend to those who are going up to examinations, and who will leave us after this one all-too-short year, my very best wishes for true success. The latch-string is out. We will welcome your frequent return to Pickering College, where we hope that you will find worthy successors in carrying on the fine traditions that have already been established.

It would be a grave omission if I did not say how grateful all the members of the school are to the members of the staff of “The Voyageur.” In a school with a limited registration it takes no little effort to produce a work of this character, and the bulk of the labour has fallen on a few willing workers. Any merits possessed by this volume are due entirely to the indefatigable labours of the editor and his associates who accepted their responsibilities willingly and cheerfully and who have faithfully endeavoured to reproduce in this volume something of the atmosphere that pervades our life here.

*Jos. McCully.*





PICKERING COLLEGE STAFF AND STUDENTS, APRIL, 1928



## The Staff

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J. McCULLEY, G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, R. E. K. ROURKE

## The Voyageur

The outstanding men in Canadian history, the men who due to their dauntless courage and far-reaching ambition made possible the founding of this country of ours, were the men who left their homes and loved ones and braved the hardships of the plains, of the forests, and of the vast barren wastes,—the "Voyageurs." Ever onward they went facing dangers, new discomforts, scorned and derided by the world as dreamers, yet they never lost sight of their goal.

The age of voyageurs is not past and the twentieth century finds many who still have all the instincts of a voyageur. All of us here at Pickering College are voyageurs, embarked on a new venture of exploration and research; not in the field of country discovery and colonization, but in Education. Just as the voyageurs of old who felt that there was more in this world than their own country, namely, Europe, and later around the valley of the St. Lawrence, so we feel that there are new fields in Education as yet undiscovered.

We are experiencing many things in common with the previous voyageurs—the thrill of discovery, the joy of travelling unknown and hitherto unexplored paths. There are, of course, the difficulties common to any pioneering effort,



but such as these are we believe them to be worth while because we feel we are working towards a definite aim and a realizable purpose. Here at Pickering College our educational exploration brings to light such things as democratic government—no rules, just regulations,—no punishment, friendship between the boys and the masters, the atmosphere of a university in a “prep” school, the spirit of living in all senses of the word, the knowledge of the boy that he is expected to do the right thing at the right time. We voyageurs of the twentieth century are finding our course just as exciting and intriguing as those of old.

In memory of our pioneers this magazine is named “The Voyageur.” It is hoped that in some way it may be a voyageur in this line of publication.

It is with these thoughts and in this spirit that “The Voyageur” comes to you. We hope that it may embody the spirit of Pickering.

---

## *Education Without Tears*

On Tuesday, September 13th, 1927, some sixty odd boys had some sixty odd feelings, the reason being that they were all human, they were all natural, they were all coming to Pickering College. What some of the feelings were is hard to say. Some of them were probably dubious, some optimistic, and others were very likely sunk in the deepest gulfs of gloom.

On their arrival, however, their feelings may have changed; they may have been very pleasantly surprised when they went through the buildings for the first time, or an element of doubt may have found its way into the minds of some of them when they wondered if everything they had heard about the college, its old traditions and new ideals, was going to be fulfilled. After the first few days the boys were quite unanimous in their feelings. “They didn’t know what the score was.”

They came and went as they pleased; they did what appealed to them most; they did things that they would not have dared do at other colleges, and the strange thing was that nobody seemed to mind. Things happened for which at other schools they would have expected to be called down to the principal’s office and severely lectured, perhaps chastised, but nothing of the sort happened. Nobody appeared to mind at all what they did, in fact it almost seemed that these things were expected of them. But everybody makes mistakes, and when by accident some dreadful crime did occur, instead of being expelled from the college or bent over the back of a chair, the one involved would be requested to appear in the Headmaster’s house, where, over a cup of coffee, the whole situation would be gone over systematically,—the Headmaster with a smile in his eyes and the boy with a look of unconcealed wonder on his face. (I speak from experience). And when it is all over the boy departs, not with a feeling of having been lectured or punished and storing up his enmity for some day when revenge may be possible, but with a realization that in the Headmaster he has a friend—a friend that is young, understanding, and very, very human.

And this is the attitude that permeates our whole life here. For many of us it was something very new and very strange but needless to say we enjoy it. only regret is that more boys our own age could not participate in the privilege that is ours—of receiving an education without tears!



## Random Comment

As a worker with boys, Mr. Taylor Statten is known from coast to coast throughout Canada and we, here at Pickering, feel ourselves most fortunate in that he has spent three or four days every week during the past year with us. We value his expert psychological advice; we appreciate his helpful counsel in the subject of vocational guidance; his breakfast table talks are wells of inspiration; above all these, however, we have been glad of the opportunity to know Taylor Statten, whom the Camp Ahmek boys affectionately call "Chief," and to discuss with him those personal problems in which his life-time of experience with boys so eminently fits him to be a Counsellor. His official title is "Director of Character Education" (we suppose if a name had to be given to an unacademic post such as his that this as closely fits it as any), but we want him to know that we have all been helped and inspired this year, not by an occupant of a high-sounding and somewhat unexplainable position, but by the very real and human Taylor Statten.

---

This Magazine is more in the nature of a family journal than an official school publication. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we make particular mention of that one person to whose thoughtful care we owe so much—Miss Ancient, the "guardian angel" of Pickering College.

---

On the occasion of the visit of Sir George Foster to Newmarket to speak on the "League of Nations" it was our pleasure and privilege to entertain him at dinner. He spoke to the school for a short time and it was evident that the passage of years makes no difference to the youthful spirit that is the real Sir George Foster. He compared present day educational facilities with those in existence when he was a boy and challenged the youth of Canada to measure up to their opportunities. A considerable number of members of the school subsequently attended the lecture in the Town Hall and heard from Canada's outstanding orator the story of the League and our part in it.

---

Our editorial remarks would be incomplete without reference to the dominating figure of our happy community—our Headmaster. And here at once we are faced with an almost insurmountable difficulty, for we write not only for ourselves, but also for a larger circle—thus must the torrent of our loyal panegyric be decently dammed.

Of the Headmaster, therefore, standing tall and majestic, albeit with a twinkling eye that ever and anon belies his stern aspect as he conducts the more formal duties of the day, let us say nothing. Of Mr. McCulley, the host, plying a daily quota of youthful guests with coffee, soft music, and the use of a glorious range of literature, let us hold our peace. Of Joe, the counsellor, confessor, and sage advisor of the oldest to the youngest of us all, let no word be spoken. Of the guide to the tortuous paths of History and Literature, enthusiasm in his eye and eloquence upon his lips, let no whisper be heard. Of unfailing cheerfulness, of ever-resurgent inspiration, of almost sleepless vigilance, let us utter no word. To the Chairman of the advisory board of "Le Voyageur," however, for his advice and guidance to harassed editors breasting a stormy sea, may we tender this brief word of thanks?





### *Editorial Staff*

*(Left to right)—Standing—*MR. R. E. K. ROURKE, D. T. DOUGHTY, D. OILLE, S. F. BIGGAR, G. E. KERNOHAN, H. B. CUMMER, R. A. CONNOR, J. G. MACDONALD, C. E. H. BAIN, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON.

*Sitting—*V. A. OILLE, R. D. CAMERON, J. R. SHIELDS, A. J. FAREWELL.



## An Historical Sketch



WEST LAKE SEMINARY

ly owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have raised the college to the position and standard it holds to-day.

The founding of West Lake Seminary, the predecessor of Pickering College, was prompted by several existing circumstances. The Great Separation of 1827-28 awakened "The Friends" to the fact that the following generation must be educated before taking over the responsibility of the great work already begun. The question of establishing a school for the study of the Scriptures was brought up by the Orthodox Friends when during the years of 1836-43 a number of denominational academies were founded. Mr. Joseph Gurney, the true founder of our school, succeeded in getting the plans under way by means of persuasive ideas and suitable scriptural quotations. This was backed up by the approval and financial help of the New York Yearly Meeting and subsequently the West Lake Boarding School was inaugurated in 1841. It was situated near Picton, and was quite a success for a while, having an enrolment of sixty-three boys and forty-seven girls. However, this did not last long, as the Western Friends failed in some of their responsibilities and in the financial support of the institution.

In 1878 the school was again opened as Pickering College, in Pickering, and for seven years was a great success, but another separation on the part of the Friends Society again closed the school. This time it was only temporary and a few weeks later, as a result of the efforts of Mr. A. S. Rogers and Mr. J. R. Haines, the school resumed its course under the able supervision of Mr. Firth and his wife. But the school seemed doomed to disaster. In the winter of 1905 the entire building was gutted by fire and everyone who had seen the debts removed and success almost within its grasp had their hopes dashed to earth.

But the flame of vigor and enthusiasm could not be extinguished and the school opened its doors once more, this time at Newmarket. Once again the college began its climb for success, and once again all hopes were dashed. But the disaster that overcame the college this time overcame the whole world as well. It was the Great War. Under the conditions, the Society of Friends, though pacifist, considered that it would be deemed a real service to offer the buildings to the Government for use during the period. So, the school and equipment was handed over as a hospital for shell-shocked soldiers, and was not returned for three years succeeding the close of the war.

For the next five or six years the buildings remained idle, until the Trustees decided to re-open the school for boys only, the former co-educational idea being dropped. It was to be a school of old traditions and new ideals. It planned to turn out men with a sound general education where knowledge of work in con-

Pickering College has not had what one could call an easy founding. It has been subject to many difficulties, but time and again it has struck back with increasing enthusiasm regardless of its losses through casualty or dissolution. Its progress has been due to the leadership and co-operation of men of tireless ability and great resources. Even flames and the Great War could not dampen the zeal the founders had for the welfare of the college. We certainly



junction with a large farm and well equipped craftshop could be obtained. It planned a Canadian education encouraging manual hobbies and pastimes.

Thus Pickering College is re-opened, confident in the fact that there is a still further contribution that it can make to the cause of education in this province. We feel certain that, under the competent direction of the Trustees, Mr. A. S. Rogers, and our capable and efficient Headmaster, Mr. Joseph McCulley, the school will send out men, not only of outstanding character and wide academic knowledge, but men who will be well known for their honourable work and a real credit to the school.

LLOYD BELL.

---

## Meditation

*Sunset.  
Another day is ended,  
This our second day of Spring.  
A great flaming ball of fire  
Sinking out of sight  
Behind the distant clear-cut hills.  
A blue abyss above  
And two thin quivering clouds  
Suspended in the heavens  
Beautiful in their blue-violet colouring.  
Down below faint ruddy tints  
On the peaceful pond,  
Which is still barren with winter-waste,  
But beautiful in a peculiar way  
With the last rays of the sun.  
And now it is gone.  
Along the line of western hills  
Only a red glow remains.  
Silence reigns  
Save for the twittering of a bird  
Bidding farewell to the departed day.  
And from a distant farm  
The mournful howl of a dog  
Baying the rising moon.  
Darkness settles over the earth.  
Night has come.*

## Comments On The Pickering Plan of Education

By *Taylor Statten*

In reply to a query as to why he did not drink milk, one of the boys said, "I did like it until mother got the idea that I should drink six glasses a day, and tried to force me to take it. That seemed to turn me against it, and I have never liked it since."

While talking with a school teacher (not a Pickering College Master) about a problem boy, he excitedly hammered his fist into his hand and exclaimed, "I'll make that fellow get his Latin or know the reason why."

You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. You can put a man in penitentiary, but you cannot make him penitent. You can force a boy to practice music, but you cannot force him to be a musician. You can place a boy in an educational institution, but you cannot force him to become educated.

The old fear-force method of making a child do what his elders desired, failed to the extent in which it did not create an intrinsic desire for the thing itself on the part of the child. If he conformed either through fear or because of external reward he was certain to have a warped attitude. You cannot force a boy to take an interest in his school work any more than you can force him to become interested in some particular young lady whom his mother has picked out for him. The opinions and desires of his parents and friends may carry some weight, but if the object is to succeed in arousing any enthusiastic attention, it must be attractive to him.

The head master and staff at Pickering College are trying to create in the boys a desire for an education.

Their conception of the term education implies not merely the ability to pass the matriculation examination, but it includes an adequate adjustment to life situations and the stimulation of an appreciation for the finer and more beautiful things in life.

Too many boys are just drifting. They have no goal. Little wonder they do not enthuse about an education. They have no objective toward which to work. At Pickering College an effort is being made to get every boy to give some serious thought to the choice of his vocation. This has helped to create that desire for an education.

We are most interested in the things that belong to us. Possession creates concern. When we feel that we have a stake in an enterprise we are apt to enthuse about it. Through the cooperative government features at Pickering College, the boys know that they are sharing with the masters in the conduct of the school. They realize that in no small measure they are responsible for its success. They know that success can be achieved only through each boy showing that personal improvement in the class room and on the campus that will better fit him for life. The welfare of the school depends upon their individual effort. Few boys can live in this atmosphere without soon catching the spirit of doing one's best for the school.

But the greatest incentive at Pickering College comes from the close, sympathetic relationship between the masters and the boys. This is genuine. The headmaster can be a boy with boys. He does not have to force himself to **their** level. He enjoys it. He is just as natural when stretched out on the



rugs, surrounded by a dozen older boys, listening to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony as he is in the class room. He demands no demonstration of respect because of his position in the school, but he gets an unswerving loyalty and a true devotion because the boys like to be with him. They enjoy his comradeship. This attitude toward the headmaster is reflected throughout the school. There is no such a thing as fear of a master but there is ample evidence of mutual confidence and understanding.

Faith in the best in every boy, and an expectancy that he is going to succeed, kindles a determination to live up to a high standard. So many boys have been brought up in homes where their shortcomings and weaknesses have been so often referred to that they occupy an undue place in their thinking. Too many boys come to the school with feeling of inferiority that inhibit any real achievement. In many cases we have succeeded in these negative, depressing attitudes, in substituting a feeling of hope which has grown into a firm belief in the possession of powers which make for success.

Social adjustment, learning to live happily with others, is an important element in a boy's education. Many hours have been spent with individual boys who needed special help in adjusting themselves to social contacts. The act of living harmoniously in this increasingly complex civilization should receive more consideration than it has in the past. It is surprising how quickly some boys will adjust themselves when they discover the reasons for their unpopularity, in their prejudices and biased emotional attitudes; while one hundred per cent efficiency cannot be claimed as we have not wholly succeeded with every boy, yet with very few exceptions, considerable improvement has been registered.

Boys entered Pickering College last September who were thoroughly "fed up" with school. They had been in trouble at home, mother was nagging, father was threatening, the teachers had lost faith in them, they were wasting time and forming habits of laziness and self indulgence. These same boys today are enthusiastically working for the June examinations, fired with an ambition to succeed. They are loud in their praises of Pickering. Their parents marvel at the change that has taken place.

The secret is that the Pickering staff is giving its attention to the discovery of the best methods of creating within the boys an interest in and a desire for an education, which is, after all, the only way that real education can ever be achieved.

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"We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty.

"Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

The above quotation is the promise made by the Athenian youth on being received into full citizenship and is one of the finest expressions of community living that the ages have produced. It occupies a prominent place on a front panel in our Assembly Hall.



## Student Government



### School Committees

*(Senior and Intermediate)*

*Standing*—MR. JOSEPH McCULLEY, HEADMASTER, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, D. T. DOUGHTY, R. D. CAMERON, R. F. LATHAM, G. E. KERNOHAN, M. PEARSON, MR. K. R. PERRY, D. A. SINCLAIR, MR. T. C. SHORE.

*Sitting*—J. R. SHIELDS, V. A. OILLE, A. J. FAREWELL, A. G. MINNES, R. A. CONNOR.

Pickering College, often described as the school of "Old Traditions and New Ideals," is the first school of its kind in Canada. It is being run under the system of student government, which has proved so successful in our universities but which had never been tried out in residential schools.

Early in the autumn term Mr. McCulley, headmaster, called the student body together and explained just how he would like the activities of the school to be carried on. We were told we would have a short time to become well acquainted with our fellow students and at the end of that period we elected our first School Council. The first School Council consisted of Douglas Cameron, (Chairman) Vernon Oille, Allan Farewell, Gordon Kernohan, Ralph Connor. This council was to have the power of appointing the committee to direct the activities of the student body.

At the first meeting it was decided that a House Committee should be appointed whose duties were the making of regulations for the student body as a whole. An Athletic Committee was also appointed whose duties were to look after athletics in general. It was soon found out that the duties were too few to keep the School Council and the two committees actively engaged, therefore, the House Committee, which had been by far the most active, took over the duties of the School Council and the Athletic Committee.



The autumn term House Committee, consisting of Allen Minnes, Vernon Oille, Allan Farewell, Dick Latham, Gordon Kernohan decided that a new committee should be elected by the students at the beginning of each new term in order that more fellows would have a chance of being on the committee during the school year. It was also felt that the former committee should give an account of its stewardship, and that changes could be made if desired.

No time was lost after returning from our Christmas vacation in electing a new House Committee, as many important matters had to be decided for the coming term. The committee elected for the winter term were:—Allan Farewell, chairman, Jack Shields, Gordon Kernohan, Vernon Oille, Allen Minnes, and Ralph Connor. The committee met every Monday evening in Mr. McCulley's house, where matters concerning the student body were informally discussed, and when necessary special meetings were called. The Headmaster, along with Mr. Widdrington and Mr. Shore, were always there to advise and help us in our business which consisted of such matters as athletics, social affairs, school leaves, study hours, etc. These were thoroughly gone into and passed unanimously by the committee before being brought before the student body.

The committee has also had charge of the general discipline of the school, but in this regard its business has been comparatively small. Petty rules and regulations are reduced to a minimum; the public opinion of the group has loyally supported such as have been made, and in those exceptional cases where a member of the school has abused any privilege it has generally been found that this has been due to a lack of understanding of the basis of our life here and that once cleared up, the difficulty has righted itself. This method of handling the discipline has resulted in the growth here of a true family feeling among all the members of the School community, and a lack of those annoying and irritating, petty problems which so easily interfere with the more serious purpose of our life together.

We were very sorry to lose, at the end of the term, our chairman, "Dooley" leaving us for the business world.

At the beginning of the spring term elections were again held, and the following students were elected to manage the students' affairs till the end of the school year:—Ralph Connor, (chairman), Allen Minnes, Jack Shields, Vernon Oille, Douglas Cameron and Gordon Kernohan. It was felt that "House Committee" was really not the proper name for the students' governing body, so the name of "School Committee" was adopted.

Thus you see the privileges that are ours. We govern ourselves and have a representative body officiating. It is an interpretation in our school life of that well-known definition of a democracy—"Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

RALPH CONNOR.

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### ***Food For Thought***

Excited youth:—"Did you hear what my Billy Goat did?"

Father:—"No, what did he do?"

E. Y.:—"He ate a whole series of Shakespeare's plays."

Father:—"Couple of 'tuts'. 'What did you do about it?'"

E. Y.:—"I sent him a year's subscription to the Literary Digest."

## Sunday Evening

The Sunday evening chapel services throughout the year have been the source of much interest and real inspiration to every member of the School. We have been extremely fortunate in having as guest speakers, men who are interested in boys, and it has been evident from their addresses that not only have they confidence in the power of youth to "idealize" but that they are viewing the "Pickering method" as a sign of the times in the educational field.

The service itself is simple and informal. It is held in the assembly hall which by reason of its decoration is a meeting place that produces an atmosphere of reflection and meditation. The musical part of the service is in charge of Scott Malcolm, a regular week-end visitor, and the hymns are sung with that enthusiasm which can only be developed by an adolescent group.

Frequently it has been the privilege of the older members of the school to meet the speaker after the service, and many worth while discussions have taken place at these informal meetings in the residence.

In addition to the Headmaster and Mr. Taylor Statten we have been addressed by the following gentlemen:—Judge Hawley, North Toronto; Rev. F. J. Moore, Secretary of the S.C.M., University of Toronto; Rev. E. L. Wasson, Church of the Messiah, Toronto; Rabbi F. M. Isserman, Holy Blossom Synagogue, Toronto; Dr. W. E. Blatz, University of Toronto; Mr. Murray Brooks, National Secretary, S.C.M.; Mr. Lou Buckley, National Council, Y.M.C.A.; Mr. Wm. R. Cook, National Council, Y.M.C.A.; Mr. F. J. Smith, Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto; Mr. Gordon Gould, West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto; Mr. J. Alex. Edmison, McGill University, Montreal; Mr. C. E. Hendry, Columbia University, New York; Prof. S. H. Hooke, Toronto; Miss Gertrude Rutherford, Toronto; Dr. Lorne Pierce, United Church of Canada.

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## What Is The Best Religion?

One of the outstanding Sunday evening addresses was by Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman who has come into prominence in Toronto by reason of his part in the movement to abolish corporal punishment in the schools.

After a few introductory remarks in which he commented on the fact that this school was run on this principle, he launched into his speech, taking as his title—"What is the Best Religion"—which, coming from one of his faith speaking to a Christian audience was certainly a provocative question.

To illustrate his point he told the story of Nathan, the Wise.

"There was once a great Mohammedan ruler who needed money very badly to carry on the war against the Crusaders. With this intent he summoned to his palace a certain Nathan, the Wise, who, it was rumoured, had great worldly possessions. When Nathan arrived, however, the king was so struck by his majestic entrance and his personality, so filled with character, that he lost courage and decided that he would have to trick him into making a statement that would justify his fining him. So he asked him which was the best religion, that of the Mohammedans, the Jews, or the Christians. Nathan replied that he would like to tell the king a story. The request was granted and Nathan said:—'A prince once owned a beautiful ring of which he was very proud. As



he grew old he decided to give the ring along with all his possessions to the son who showed the most promise of a good life. He died, and the son who received the ring thought it would be a good idea to continue this custom. This kept up for generations, but in the course of time a king came to the throne who was so weak-minded that he promised the ring to each of his three sons. When the time came for him to present the ring he called in the court jeweller and had him make two other rings that were so exactly similar to the original that nobody could tell them apart. In fact, this proved to be the case for when the three sons, on the death of their father, showed their rings and claimed the estate the assembled court could not tell which was the genuine one. The three sons wrangled and fought over the matter and finally the judge said that the ring was supposed to be in the possession of a good man but none of the sons had proven himself as yet, so the court was adjourned for twenty years.' Then Nathan said to the king 'The question you asked me is now answered. Of these three religions their importance does not lie in their goodness, but in the way they are lived.' The king was very much awed by this story and confessed that he had planned to extort money from Nathan. Nathan replied that he had anticipated the king's need so had brought a number of camels with him, loaded with precious things, as a contribution."

To further illustrate his point he told a story of a little Jewish boy in Russia who aspired to be a physician but could not get out of Russia because of an affliction in his eye, which was very contagious. He was cured by a specialist who had taken an interest in him, and afterwards was given personal tuition by the same specialist. When he had finished his education and was about to leave for Canada he saw some boys and girls living under the same sort of oppression under which he had been living, and new light suddenly dawned. He decided that his duty lay in Russia rather than in Canada, so he dedicated his life to helping boys and girls, and there in very unideal conditions he lived a life of true service.

Rabbi Isserman's concluding remarks were:—"I think this boy's religion was a true religion to him. Our souls will show us which is the best religion! Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

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### A Winter's Night

*The winter moon is low on yon horizon,  
Timid of venturing forth on so cold an eve';  
She sends her soft radiance across the snow,  
Making a mellow contrast with the little groves  
Of fir-trees and their lengthy shadows;  
Fir-trees whose glistening mantles  
Sparkle at Diana's gentle touch.*

*Stillness pervades this phantom world,  
A stillness broken only by the cracking of the ice  
Upon the pond and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells  
Upon a distant road.*

*King Winter,  
By some depicted harsh, austere, and cruel,  
Now reigns supreme in all his beauteous majesty.*

BRAD CLEMENTS.

## *Sunday Recitals*

Sunday dinner at noon is always looked forward to by the boys. Not because ice cream is included in the bill of fare, but because Scott Malcolm is present and plays for us after the meal is finished.

About the middle of the first course, footsteps are heard on the stairs leading down to the dining room and in a moment Scott appears, usually accompanied by Dicky VanValkenburg. As they pass between the tables they are greeted with salutations from all sides. Scott and "Dicky Van" are very popular with the Pickering boys and staff. Towards the end of the meal the piano is brought from the music room and all chairs are turned in that direction; then everyone forgets himself for a few minutes and casts himself into the atmosphere created by the strains of the Finales, Rhapsodies, Minuets and Nocturnes which flow so easily from the nimble fingers of the artist.

Scott plays for us in the afternoons too, and at night at our chapel service. His programmes are made up largely of request numbers, and the artist says a few words about each of the composers, their achievements, and gives us a brief glimpse into their lives.

For many of us these Sunday recitals have been a revelation of the beauty and inspiration that lies in music. A few short months ago we found our chief musical satisfaction in the colour and superficial interest of the so-called popular tunes—now we unconsciously find ourselves humming snatches of Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Greig and those other composers whose works we have learned to love. We shall look back on this year and Scott's recitals as the beginning of this interest.

I am sure that the whole college will agree with me when I say that Sundays would lack something of their present charm were it not for Scott's playing. We only hope that his visits will continue, and take this opportunity of assuring him that his welcome will never wear out.

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## *Our Christmas Dinner*

Before the beginning of the Christmas vacation and at the close of the term examinations, namely, Tuesday, December the 20th, 1927, the College "salle à manger" blossomed forth in all the glory of a Christmas banquet. An abundance of streamers, ribbons and candles added to the effect produced by the Christmas trees arranged all around the room. The tables were placed in a circle and dainty place cards guided the diners to their respective seats. Everything suggestive of the season was present, even down to the mistletoe, but unfortunately the means of making use of it was lacking.

The feast began with the Chinese staff, immaculately dressed in their pinafores and tuckers, parading into the dining hall with an uncarved turkey on a platter. This was the beginning of a program that will be forever remembered by the 'Pickeringites.' Voices buzzed, plates clattered, while the food was rapidly being stowed away. In the middle of the dinner three or four boys sprang to their feet and dashed madly around the room. The object of this was made clear when it was found that the boys simply wanted to shake down a bit to make room for more. The college orchestra played at intervals during the repast, and was enjoyed by all.



Although the banquet had begun with great gusto, and the dishes had been attacked with such vim that they had retreated under the onslaught and gradually melted away, it could not last forever. Staunch Intermediates began to doubt their storage capabilities, while Juniors with despairing eyes watched the food being taken away, unable to raise a finger to detain it. Knives and forks being laid down, finally, all eyes were centred on the head table where Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, the Principal and the toast master were seated. The toast master arose, and after toasting the king called upon Allen Minnes to propose a toast to the school, which was answered by Mr Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer of the Board. Douglas Cameron then proposed a toast to the Headmaster, which the Headmaster answered. Following these toasts Vern Oille presented Mr. McCulley with an ebony box and tray inlaid with mother-of-pearl. When the Headmaster rose to respond to this presentation Mr. Taylor Statten started "See Him Smiling," which was taken up by every body and nearly raised the roof from the dining hall.

Mr. Widdrington led us in some community singing of seasonable songs and the Christmas carols, accompanied by Mrs. Widdrington at the piano. It might be worth while noting that during this whole item of the programme Law Yee, the chef, rendered his carols holding his song sheet upside down. After this we were initiated into the evils of wrong-doing by Mr. Widdrington in his "Cautionary Tales" which have always been a source of great enjoyment to the college boys. Scott Malcolm then honoured us with several numbers on the piano, all of which were by request. Attention was suddenly attracted to another point, for a window banged open and to our surprise Santa Claus appeared (Mrs. Widdrington worked all afternoon on his costume, and the flats were covered with bunting for a week afterwards). Santa's visit is being dealt with at greater length in another article, so it will be sufficient to say here that Santa really did pay a visit to this edifice of learning.

Following this Mr. Taylor Statten gave "Rosa" with great pathos. The story is indeed touching, and when this fact is added to Mr. Statten's power of elocution the result is extraordinarily effective. This item was one that will remain fixed in our minds and will be a reminder to us of the days at Pickering, after we have left the college. This brought the programme to a close and the evening was ended by everybody joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

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### *Where Have You Heard These Before?*

"Oh! that will be just too bad."

"It's a treat for the common folk."

"Goofer feathers are soft."

"For purposes of argument, take the first thirty-five for homework."

"Curve your fingers."

"Come on! Less noise, it's ten o'clock."

"Well, how can you tell that's a partitive noun?"

"Get organized."

"Of that, there is no question."

"Check! Right?"

"He just went around the corner with an armful of fish."

## "There Is No Santa Claus"

During the past few years there has been a general feeling in the minds of many people that "there is no Santa Claus." Some few public-spirited citizens tried for a number of years to discredit this statement, but only met with success a month or two ago. The occasion was the Christmas banquet at Pickering College, given to the staff and pupils by the Headmaster. On this occasion Santa Claus entered the room, in the middle of supper, not by the proverbial chimney, but by the next best way, the window.

At the time of his entrance the toasts were in progress, and to a few clear-minded guests it seemed very suspicious that the toast-master should know exactly when Santa Claus was due. However this was overlooked in the general excitement that followed and the old man made his way to the front of the dining-room amid acclamations and handclapping from the diners.

The old gentleman shouted a greeting to some former friends, and then started the serious business. It was evident by the speed with which he worked that he did not have all night to visit us. His first duty was to get a little contribution from each of us for the Christmas fund. Everyone gave a bit, and we all hope that what little we gave helped to give others, not so fortunate as ourselves, a Merry Christmas.

However much it may have appeared, Santa's job was not entirely to take from us. He seemed to think that there was no reason why he should not give as well as take. So he made his way to the big Christmas tree in the corner, which was beautifully decorated and covered with small bags of candy. Presents were piled around the tree for practically all the staff. In addition to these there were the bags of candy, one for each junior, even the smallest—little Richard Latham. These bags of candy proved very acceptable to the youngsters, as was easily seen by their faces when they came up to receive them. It is a question, however, whether they were more pleased with Santa or the candy.

Much as we may have wished it, this pleasant visit could not last forever. The stock of presents at last gave out. Santa bade us farewell and made his way to the exit, or rather what he thought was the exit. He experienced a good deal of difficulty in getting out, but at length succeeded in finding an opening.

I trust that the knowledge of this visit will disillusion anyone who still thinks that "there is no Santa Claus," and I am sure that I am voicing the thoughts of the whole college when I thank him for helping to make the evening a success.

J. S. OSBORNE.

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Latham's one and only, "The Banana Song,"—Hanging around with the bunch.

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## Orthography

Mother (to son just out of college):—"John, bring me some wood."

Son:—"What, mother?"

Father (a graduate of Pickering):—"Transpose from the recumbent collection of combustible materials upon the threshold of the edifice, the curtailed excrescence of a defunct tree."



## Music and Humanity

In view of the interest in the musical side of our life here, we feel privileged in being able to print the following article by Mr. Hector Charlesworth, the editor of "The Saturday Night" in Toronto:—

"It is difficult to avoid the use of certain verbal stencils in speaking of Music. There are two or three generalizations on the subject which can hardly be avoided because they are so essentially true. I do not know who it was who first described Music as the most universal of the arts, because it speaks in an universal language but whoever he was he summarized its status completely in a very few words. There are many barriers to overcome before we can attain an understanding of the poetry of a nation like Russia for instance, but a Russian musical composition, if it be beautiful and vital, at once speaks to the understandings and emotions of the people of many nations. It was the German philosopher, Schlegel, who first described architecture as "frozen music," a more abstruse saying by which he meant that both arts are based on definite structural forms. Even in a simple song like "Coming Through the Rye" symmetry and balance are easily discernable; and in choral works like those of Byrd or Palestrina a wonderful intricacy of line and ornament analogous to the purest and most delicate forms of architectural decoration are apparent. In a much broader sense the same is true of vast compositions like the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven or the First Symphony of Brahms.

"It should be added that Music is the most universal of the arts because it appeals to a much greater percentage of the human race, than any of its sister arts. Even the savages are masters of one of the rudimentary elements of musical appeal,—rhythm. The number of people in whom appreciation of literature or the plastic arts is active is very small in comparison with those who have a sensitive, though sometimes inarticulate, appreciation of Music. In many of its forms Music enables the composer to convey his emotions and experiences without presenting definite facts or images, so that a composition will often appeal to and satisfy moods in the listener, inspired by experiences and circumstances entirely different from those which evoked the impulse of creation in the composer. No music, whatever the immediate popularity it may win, lives unless it makes a permanent appeal to the imagination and emotions. The range of the things music can express far exceeds the limits of speech or pictorial presentations, and one of its finest potentialities is that attention to its beauties constantly improves the taste of the listener, so that it becomes a source of inexhaustible satisfaction and consolation to its devotees.

"Experience has shown that the greatest vehicle for the diffusion of musical taste and understanding is choral music, which, though but one of its forms, is that which enables the greatest number of people to express themselves musically, and gain an ever-broadening initiation to beauty in the process. Finally let me express the gratification that I, in common with many musical enthusiasts, feel in the growing affiliations between music and general education as manifested in the request to me to pen these words."

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**See Notes In Back**

"Did the doctor remove your appendix?" "Feels to me like he removed my whole table of contents."



## One Hundred Yards East

One hundred yards east is our great bungalow, the craftshop. This is the place where a boy is taught to work out his ideas in manual training. As we ask ourselves what this has to do with school life the answer comes to us that it makes the hand co-operate with the brain, and secondly, it relaxes the mind after a day's study.

What are our aims for boys at this college? Is it not a desire for every boy to recognize his talents and put them to use in the most profitable way? If they wish to make a model aeroplane let them go ahead, receiving as much assistance as necessary from two experienced men in the art, Mr. J. A. Maitland and Mr. K. R. Perry.

There are several sections of this work, beginning with the bench work, for which certain periods are assigned every week for the first and second forms. This work includes both metal and wood. The latter consists of making walnut and mahogany serving trays, candlesticks, trinket boxes, watch stands, and tie racks. Fretwork is carried on by the juniors who produce assortments of educational toys. As far as metal work is concerned, work is done in both copper and brass. Among the things made are serving trays, fruit bowls, ash trays, and book ends, of the most artistic and beautiful designs.

The greatest attraction, however, is the lathe. This one attraction is patronized by more boys than any of the other divisions. The biggest rush was at Christmas time when everyone was busy making presents. The enthusiasm for this work did not die out, so another lathe had to be installed. Smoking stands, table lamps, rolling pins, serviette rings, walnut fruit bowls and many other beautiful things are made on these lathes. The iron lathe is of great assistance, also, in making face plates and plugs for use on the wood lathes. Solid brass candlesticks, a miniature cannon, and small compressed air engines for model aeroplanes were made on this machine. The compressed air engines are to date the greatest feat, the pistons, crankshafts, and cylinders all having been turned out of brass on the iron lathe. These being assembled and set in motion created several speeds, the best making 1200 revolutions per minute.

Still another section includes the making of plaques which are produced by acid eating away metals giving either engraved or relief pictures of landscapes, or other things, which appeal to the minds of the pupils.

Elementary drafting is also carried on here, and considerable progress is being made in this line, there being about twenty pupils taking it. These pupils are encouraged to draft out the things they plan to make, in addition to their class work.

But this is only a beginning. Things have only been under way for the short space of five months. What will it be at the end of a year, five years, and more? We cannot tell, but we hope and trust that it will have cultivated and brought forth the artistic sense in the minds of the students, as well as having turned out some very useful and beautiful things.

STIRLING NELSON.

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“What became of that girl you made love to in the hammock?”

“We fell out.”



## *Hallowe'en Dance*

As was inevitable Hallowe'en fell on the last day of October and was celebrated in proper form by the staff and older members of the school. If the musty annals of Pickering's history, dating back some eighty-five years, were to be examined, I doubt very much if any parallel could be found to the terpsichorean display at the school on the evening of said October 31st. For on that date there was a dance which dispelled once and for all the question in our minds as to how we were to combine the agricultural with the cultural side of school life. For was not the Assembly Hall rustically decorated with the products of the farm?—the ghostly cornstalk, the ponderous pumpkin and shimmering leaf?

The senior members of the school, carefully arrayed in all the splendour of royal blue and silver blazers (their first appearance), and the masters sporting "Soup and fish" for contrast, waited anxiously in the front hall. At 8.30 a blaring klaxon was heard and the impatient crowd plunged as one through the front door—a feat as difficult as that of gliding through the proverbial needle's eye. Considerable anxiety was evident as a large T.T.C. tractor was seen to loom out of the dark and make its way painfully around our prize tulip crescent. Having "geed" and "hawed" several times a correct landing was made and the machine tied to a hitching post. And then from out the door gaily tripped some thirty maidens, tastefully decorated for the occasion. One or two of the boys showed evident anxiety as certain fair ones were noted to be absent.

Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Statten, Miss Ancient and the Headmaster received the guests as they thronged towards the Hall. Music was supplied by Bill Hurst's orchestra and caused much pedal agitation on the part of all present.

Refreshments by Law Yee, our chef, served to fill a crying void. As an aid to digestion the dining room was fitted with tables and chairs, cups and saucers, food and drink—all thoroughly appreciated and (save the furniture) consumed.

A lucky number dance provided a little variation. Towards the semi-finals the interest was centred on the principal who survived the ordeal and with his partner was awarded the "bacon."

It was a good party and one which set a high standard of excellence as a precedent for future occasions. Much credit is due to the dance committee, consisting of Miss Ancient, Sandy Biggar, Jim Chandler, Don Clark, Ralph Connor, Allan Farewell, Ted Hartwick, Gordon Kernohan, Dick Latham, and Bill Oille, who bore the lion's share of the work.

"DOOLEY" FAREWELL.

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### *"Speedy"*

George Walton:—"Blondy Stephens and others must be able to write with great rapidity when Mr. Shore sends them upstairs for their work."

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Mr. B. (to biology class):—"Some of you are so dumb that you think bacteria is the rear entrance to a cafeteria."

## *Pickering College "At Home"*

The first formal "At Home" was held on Friday, February 17th, and was the centre of joyous anticipation and delightful realization.

Our Assembly Hall calls for but few additions in the way of decoration. A more subdued and romantic lighting scheme and a stage strikingly draped in school blue and silver with figures indicative of the tender arts of St. Valentine, whom we adopted as our patron saint for the august occasion, were all that were necessary to augment the effect of Franz Johnson's panels.

Dark oak tables, flower-laden, candle-lit, welcomed the guests to a supper that enhanced the reputation of our kitchen staff. Of the transformation of the more utilitarian portions of the buildings into suitable settings for the dancers and of rooms, (which perhaps would not always do so) into cosy dens for the casual inspection of fair visitors, we need not speak.

The orchestra also played a noble part in a notable evening and stimulated the most laggard foot to nimble action.

As in all such affairs a great deal of the success depends upon the Dance Committee, the members of which were:—Ralph Connor, Vern Oille, Allan Minnes, Jack Shields, Gordon Kernohan, and Allan Farewell. They have set a high standard for all future social events.

Assisting our Headmaster to welcome the guests were Mrs. Samuel Rogers and Mrs. Taylor Statten.

"DOOLEY" FAREWELL.

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## *The Pickering College Orchestra*

The idea of an orchestra first occurred to us as we were thinking over the forms of entertainment at a boy's college. It certainly seemed a good idea as it would cultivate any musical talent in the school and also act as a form of entertainment on dark and rainy days to keep the fellows out of mischief.

It happened that one afternoon as we were sitting in our rooms sheltered from the hot, summer sun, a rather weird screech issued forth from one of the rooms farther down the hall. This most mournful sound was followed by a sharp, hissing sound, and then a fierce bellow as a mad bull is accustomed to make. This last sound startled us so that we jumped to our feet and manned the fire-hose. We tore down the hall with the hose rippling in our wake, and poked our heads around the door of the room from which the noise burst forth.

Well! would you believe it gentlemen! There on the edge of his trunk, a saxophone protruding from his lips, sat a large youth of dark complexion, the latter growing a shade darker at each outbreak of sound. This gallant lad answered to the name of Richard Latham, or "Big Dick" as we afterwards called him.

We all introduced ourselves and sat down on the beds in his room. He soon tuned his "Sax" to the right pitch and started to play. It certainly was a treat to hear the invigorating ditties that issued forth from the end of his saxophone.



Then suddenly, during a lull in the music whilst Dick was resting his weary lungs, the far-off tinkle of a grind-organ entered our music-hungry ears and with a shout we donned our caps and started out the door. Just as suddenly as we started, we stopped. With the door open we stood there looking at each other with our mouths open wide enough to let a duck walk in. What did this mean? A schoolboy bringing a grind organ to school! Perhaps we had entered a school for the training of Italian grind-organists. Well, we decided to investigate, so, with our hands clutching the small coins which we had in our pockets, to give to the organ-grinder, we quietly walked down the hall to the room where the music came from. We opened the door softly and—Lo! and behold! There sat a rather portly lad, with a tenor banjo perched on his lap, playing “Home Sweet Home.” After we had stopped the flow of salt tears coming from our eyes as a result of the pathos introduced into this piece by our new friend, we exchanged greetings and discovered his name to be Ralph Connor. Then we all stood around and sang that pathetic little ballad—“The Parents’ Offspring,” the sequel to “Yes! Sir! That’s My Baby.”

This display of talent was interrupted by a noise such as is heard when Indians are on the war path. “Bang Cr-r-r-ash! Tom-tom! Tom-tom!” “What on earth could that be? Holy Doodle! We’re being attacked by Bolsheviks or Indians?”

After we had crawled from our respective hiding spots under the bed, the dresser, or behind the radiator, we sallied bravely forth each of us willing to give his bottom dollar if we could only find the cause of such a noise. We crept along the hall to the room next to that of Ralph Connor and stopped. Horrors! Could there be a Salvation Army parked there? Surely not! We threw open the door and then stood still in amazement. All we could make out was a black head situated in the midst of a large number of drums, cymbals, tom-toms, and horns, bobbing up and down in rhythm with the beat of the numerous instruments. We rushed in, resolved to stop this preposterous racket if we had to go to the extreme of using such blasphemous remarks as “Cut it out! you fool! you’ll wake the baby before you know it!” As he was a very obstinate fellow we had to use this last resort, and after the noise had faded away in the distance we settled down to find out who he was and where he came from. His name happened to be Ted Hartwick, so we knew he came from Toronto.

After paying our regards to this dark youth of the drums, we decided to step out for the cause of air. As we were starting down the stairs another strange sound smote our ears. A lusty squeak made itself heard from the end of the hall, and this being more than we could stand we tore up the stairs and pounced upon a fair lad of about eighteen years who was passionately clasping a violin to his bosom. We dragged this forlorn looking youth into his room and after much struggling and gurgling he subsided enough for us to get the necessary information from him. He told us he hailed from that superb villa of Cobourg and his head-line happened to be Charles Gould.

Explaining the reasons for the aforesaid noise he informed us that he had heard there was an orchestra practice that night and he was playing one of his favourite pieces for the appreciation of any who might want to listen to it. That was enough for us, so we left him before he started practising again.

Well, last and least in the picture is “yours truly.” You know he is a rather queer fellow by reason of the fact that he plays all by his ears. Just the other day he admitted to me that he had been trying for years to find

where the middle of "C" is on the piano but he couldn't seem to strike it in the right place. Enough of that!

That night we decided to hold a practice, so after supper the instruments were taken down to the assembly hall and put on the platform beside the piano. We made a dash for our instruments and started to play furiously, making about as much beautiful harmony out of it as a tin pan and a steam whistle. This certainly wouldn't do so we thought it wise to start altogether and on the same note. This worked out a little better, although three of us were playing in different keys. This was not going so well. We would give it one more try. Well sir! you would be surprised at the difference when we all played in the same key. Speedy, the cat, was doing the Finale Hop to the soothing strains of that little piece "He's the Last Word," and Mr. Simmons, the caretaker, was doing the Charleston while stoking the furnace.

After this we had a practice every night and our name spread around until one night we were invited to play at a private home for a small dance that was being held. We accepted the invitation as though we had played at dances all our lives and on the big night we proudly stepped out with all our instruments except the piano (someone was using it that night) and after a long walk we arrived at the house. We tuned our instruments and started to play. Everything went all right until after the first note, when the dancers stopped and started to weep. Well, we, thinking it was the pathos that was effecting them kept right on playing. After the piece was over we found out they were not weeping but were laughing at us. We had struck off with the old style of harmony again—everyone in a different key. This rather spoiled the evening for us, but notwithstanding we tuned up again and restarted. It seemed to be better this time because it didn't effect them quite so much. The evening was closed by "God Save the King" as the drummer's solo, and we all went home happier and more optimistic than before.

DON ("SHY") CLARK.

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## Murder

What spectacle is this I see? A murder? In our own school? I shrank from the sight of it. But even as I retreated the blade was uplifted and the keen edge flashed in the light. Startled beyond words, I leapt forward, but was held back by my fellow students. But this must cease. Look! The blade is descending. Nearer and nearer to human flesh it draws, straight for the naked throat of the defenceless being. With a sickening sound the blade struck a jagged cut appeared and blood spurted from the wound.

"Hang this straight razor," quoth Jack Jermyn.

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## The New Master?

"Did you ever take chloroform?"

"No, who teaches it?"



## *First Impressions*

I stepped off the radial feeling rather lost, and began my walk to the College. I received my really first good view of the buildings as I was coming up the hill. It looked more like a large country home than a school, with its four colonial pillars reaching right to the roof. I traversed the driveway, set down my bag on the steps, and turned to look over my future surroundings. What met my gaze was entirely satisfactory—the large playgrounds all around, to my left the gymnasium, on my right the tennis courts, and in the background the rink.

I opened the door and stepped into the lobby. On either side of me were offices. A young man stepped out of the one on my right and introduced himself as the Headmaster. He took me into his office and talked to me, not as Headmaster to boy but as friend to friend. When I came out with him I knew that it would be my own fault if I did not like the college. He showed me my room and I looked it over carefully, as I was to live there for some time, and could find no real faults with it. The room was just for two and was fitted up accordingly. He took me over to his house and there I met my room-mate. I found out later that we could use his living room as a reading room; it was suitably arranged with chesterfields and big easy chairs, and the walls were lined with bookshelves and very good pictures.

I spent the evening being interviewed by masters and meeting the fellows who were to be my new associates. My last waking thoughts were that this was a place where they combined learning with pleasure.

JOHN MILLICHAMP.

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## *On a Week-End*

“Waiter, this steak is terribly tough.”

“Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food.”

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Bob:—“If a train left a station travelling thirty miles an hour and another one left half an hour later, travelling at fifty miles an hour, where would they meet?”

Don:—“At the end of the last coach of the first train.”

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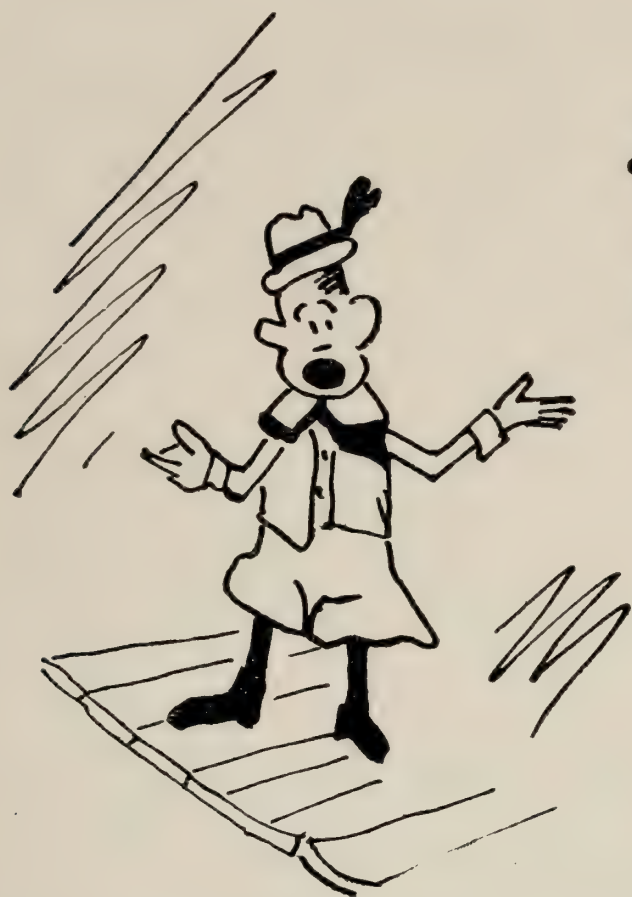
## *Prof. How Could You*

Mr. McC. (after trying first-hour class)—Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning, with dumb-bells. Will the class please join me tomorrow before breakfast?

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## *For Contented Cows*

Two dry hand milkers wanted at once. Prefer young men with pleasing personalities.—Florida paper.



## JUNIOR SCHOOL

The opening of school in September saw the arrival of some sixteen boys varying in age from nine to fourteen years. These were comfortably lodged in four dormitories and formed the nucleus of the "Junior School." The intermittent arrival of three more boys before, and five after Christmas brought the total number enrolled up to twenty-four.

Classroom work showed the advisability of moving several of the older boys up to the first form, which was done after the Christmas vacation.

This step proved a wise one, as most of these new first formers have displayed their ability to carry on with this advanced work.

The Juniors have taken their places as a part of the student body and as such have participated in most of the activities. During the fall term several played rugby with the 120 pound team. All took an active part in a series of games of soccer arranged between two teams—the "Toads" and "Frogs." The rivalry proved keen and afforded no end of interest.

The approach of winter was heralded by none more than the Junior. It was very disappointing, therefore, that snow was so scarce making tobogganing and snowshoeing almost impossible. However, there was an abundance of skating and as a result two teams, the "Fleas" and "Flies" were formed. These engaged in some seven games, and to say that any one of the games was less than a titanic struggle would be to minimize its importance.

During the year nearly every Junior has been the proud owner of some sort of pet. Dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons and white mice have at one time or another occupied the spare time of the younger boys. The workshop, too, has been a popular rendezvous, and a number of articles of wood and metal have been made which do credit to the boys.

The future of the Junior School has every possibility. We hope that before long there will be a new and separate building designed for our own use, where the embryo senior will be able to carry on his work and interests to the very full.

R. H. PERRY.





## *A Flight To Europe*

### CHAPTER I.

Eric Moore and I left Roosevelt Field at 7.30 A.M. in our "Spirit of Pickering" monoplane, bound for Paris. The voyage over was uneventful and we landed a little while before midnight at Bourget Field in Paris. We expected to find the field deserted, but when we landed we were immediately surrounded by about 60,000 people, and the police couldn't do a thing. We were simply hauled from the field and bourn along on the shoulders of an unruly but good natured mob. Well, we managed to escape from the mob and brake our way to the Embassy, where we were heartily greeted by the American Ambassidore Herrick.

When we hopped off for Spain they gave us a pig for a mascot, but as we couldn't carry it we killed it and stowed it in the after cockpit. You should have heard the mob cheer when we left the field on our way to Sunney Spain.

### CHAPTER II.

We landed at El Toreador in Madrid and were welcomed by a mob of Senors and Senioritas who brought us to the hotel, where we changed our togs and got dolled up respectively. When we came out on the street everybody was yelling "Vive La Canadians Senors." We went to the English Embassy's for tea.

The next day we got out the "Crate" and did some stunt flying with Eric at the joy stick, and also some sky writing in Spanish. When we went into a dizzy tail spin, that great city held its breath, so did I, and Eric did also. They gave us a swell feed the night before we left for Italy.

### CHAPTER III.

We dropped onto the field at Rome and were greeted by a mob which endeavored to tear the "crate" to pieces, but a regiment, armed with machine guns, kept them back, while we got into the English Embassey's Kreistler ate and sped towards Mousileenies palice where we were welcomed by his wife, who said her man was away on bizziness.

We did some stunt flying for the Italians, and when we landed a bunch of newspaper reporters gave us no pease till we told them everything.

### CHAPTER IV.

Well here we are at Bern Switzerland, the country of cheeze and mountains and watches. The Swiss seemed pleased to see us and treated us like kings, and as soon as we landed they fired their cannon as a solute, and drove us to a swell hotel where the newspaper and camera men were as thick as flies, and inquired into the ins and outs of the "crate." They said what fine outstanding young Canadian we were.

While we were there Charlie Lindy sent us a telegram congratulating us on our success as "Around the World," so to speak, "Fliers," and wished us every success.

The Swiss sent us lots of presents and we made many friends. We did some loops which made my hair stand on end. I took the controls then and did some tailspins which made Eric's ears flap. The people held a banquet in our honour at which they presented us each with alarm clocks bearing our names and a book of tickets good for 60 pounds of cheese.

## CHAPTER V.

From Bern we flew north to Moscow in Russia where the Russians crowded the flying field so thickly that the Cossocks had to hold them back with bombs and revolvers. They took us to a fairly good hotel—at least the best in the berg. We did some sky writing in Russian, after which they gave us a blowout of rye bread, salads and Russian Oil. They also gave us a Wolf hound puppy which I liked very much. He is sitting beside me now as I write this. I call him “Wolfski.”

We left the Russians without a fight and as we left “Wolfski” howled, and some of the bearded policemen shed tears.

## CHAPTER VI.

From Moscow we headed south west to Berlin. You should of heard them yell when we landed. Herr von Schwartz Google Gaffer, a prominent and wealthy German, took us to his castle and gave us a bang up feed of frankfurters and sauerkrout. We gave him a ride in the “Spirit of Pickering” and drove him to Milan and back. When we left, the city gave us each a peach of a pocket camera.

## CHAPTER VII.

After visiting some of the biggest cities in Europe we turned the nose of our “crate” towards ould England. We landed in London, planning to spend a few hours there. The bally English flocked to the landing field by the thousands. We were immediately taken to the best hotel in the city where we met the Prince of Wales and King George and Queen Mary. We took them all for a ride in the “crate,” which they immensely enjoyed, and I got their autographs in a book I had with me. They gave us a banquet and we made a couple of speeches and then said good-bye to the King and Queen and Prince, and went to bed.

Next morning with all London watching, we hopped, amid cheers and shouts, and we said good-bye in sky writing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

That night the last of Europe faded out of sight and we sped along towards Canada, which we got to 40 hours later. When we landed, the first people we met were our dads and mothers.

A. MACKIE.

(For the Ed.—Mackie is 12 years old. This story came as a sudden inspiration one day in class. It was impossible to get him to do anything else until it had been completed).



*Laing Goes Shooting*



## A Contrast

(With apologies to Charles Dickens)

I was just about to enter a residential school, Pickaling College by name, which was situated on the outskirts of a little town called Recent Bargaining Place. This college was known far and wide for its strictness and stern treatment of its students. Of course, I was awfully glad to go there because I realized that the thing I needed more than anything else was an environment where discipline was rigorously enforced. This was just the place for me, I concluded, and hastened to pack my bag as I was leaving that very afternoon.

I arrived at the little town, made famous by Pickaling College, just in time for dinner, and grabbing a taxi I drove up to the school. I disembarked and made my way up the front steps. On entering the door I was greeted by several boys who said they were prefects. They presented me with a set of rules. Sixty-four of them that should certainly make my life very happy, for was not the exact routine of every day laid down here so that I should have no excuse whatever for making any false steps? Rejoicing inwardly I was escorted to my room. Here, indeed, was another pleasant surprise awaiting me. The room was tastefully decorated in gray burlap. A large table at one end with a couple of stools, at once reassured me as to the conduciveness of study. Apart from this the room was bare, except for a bunk which served as a bed—quite an attractive room, and one in which nothing but the best could be expected in the way of study. A glance out of the window (between the bars) put all thoughts of possible distraction during the afternoons and evenings out of my mind. I beheld an incinerator and beyond this was a blank wall belonging to the infirmary. This was really too good to be true. What other merits there were about the school I had not as yet discovered? My mind was soon put at rest.

A little boy with spectacles and a sullen look on his face led me to the principal's office. I was ushered into this sanctum sanctorum, and there before me was my Headmaster. How thrilling? He didn't have very much to say, unfortunately, for every word he said just dripped with biting cynicism and sarcasm. However, he did point out his stock of birch rods in one corner.

There were myraids of such inspiring surprises awaiting me, but lack of space makes it impossible for me to recount them. My last waking thought that night was a silent blessing on my dear parents who had been the means of my coming to this superb edifice of knowledge—Pickaling College.



## Ode To The Loss of The Family Tooth-Brush

*Around my dresser I vainly tossed;  
My favourite tooth-brush I had lost;  
Having everything from my drawers extracted,  
My brain was properly distracted.*

*From prehistoric time she'd come,  
And seen many a molar job well done  
With Georgie, and Buster, and sister Ann,  
And the rest of the family as the ages ran.*

*So, even as you plainly see,  
In the course of time she came to me;  
And not only a brush had I misplaced,  
But fragrant remnants of old tooth-paste.*

*Her merits being so related,  
Her tragic end should now be stated.*

*You surely know the daily ration,  
Beloved by men of the Irish nation.  
Well, Wednesday last the faithful stew  
Had a wonderful taste and peculiar hue:*

*There were morsels of beef, and ham, and mutton,  
Carrots, parsely, and savory onion,  
And, it grieves me to mention, but there were there,  
Little bits of fat, crisp, hair.*

BRAD. CLEMENTS.

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## "Deceit"

*This guy Rourke 's a trifle wet,  
A better example might be set;  
He tells us how he used to pull  
O'er his teachers' eyes, the fleecy wool;  
And then he has the nerve to ask  
That we "lay off" that happy task.*

---

## Help! Help!

*When the study-bell rings and all is quiet  
Save for snoring or a silent (?) riot,  
Comes the voice of old and young  
'Bayne, how do you solve this one?'*





### "Fifth Latin"

*Fifth Form Latin is rather slow,  
In the time we start and what we know;  
But, every so often, a bone we pull,  
Which pleasantly breaks up the lull.*

*His Highness comes from amours sweet  
At nine fifteen, toute de suite,  
And by the time he's found the class,  
At ten o'clock we start at last.*

### Answer This One

"How long can a man live without brains?" "Don't know. How old are you?"

### "Thoo'es"

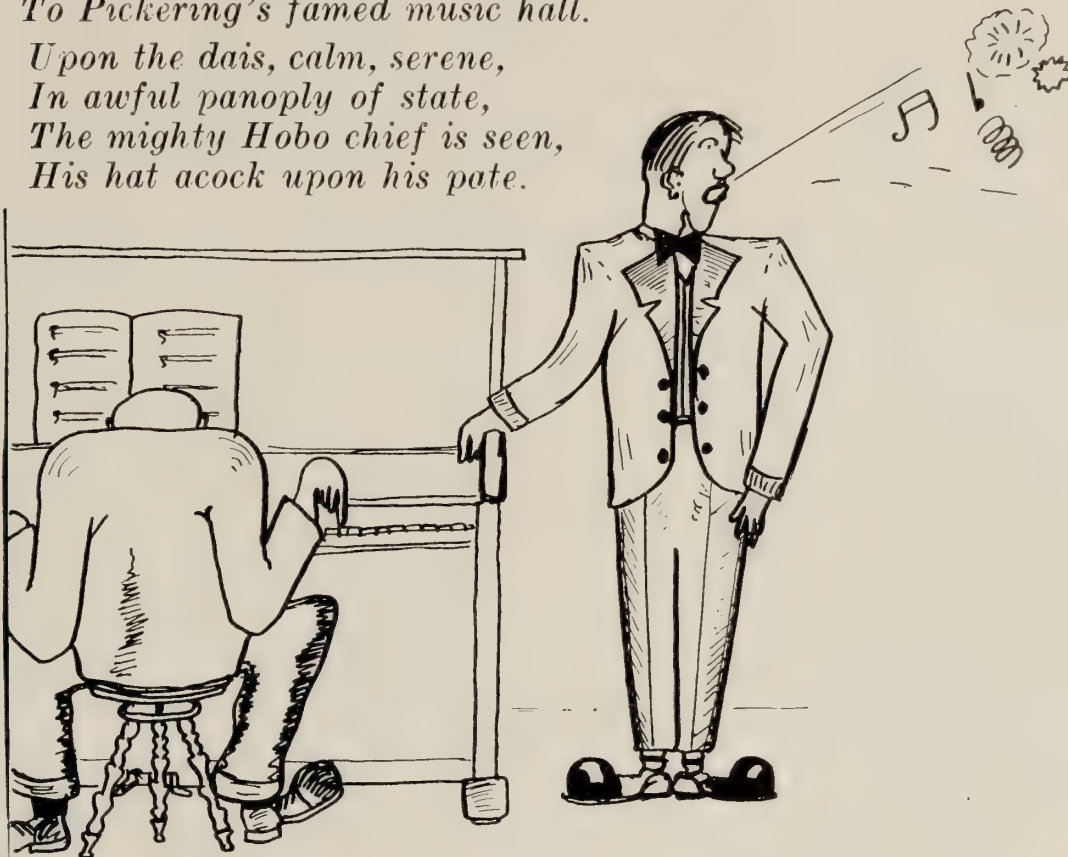
Save for a solitary voice the stillness was unbroken. The voice rose and fell monotonously. It paused, went on, baulked, hung fire and finally stopped. The silence kept right on being silent. Suddenly light footsteps fell upon the ears of the French Authors class. The tread came closer, paused in front of the classroom—a knock—and a head appeared 'round the door. A body followed and then began a series of gyrations that would have done justice to a South Sea Islander and only ceased when the author was entirely out of breath and then—

"Thee by new 'thoo'es," panted Billy Cottrell alias Taylor Shore's "Bad News."

## "There Was a Sound of Revelry By Night"

*No doughty feat of arms I tell,  
Nor fickle love of lady fair;  
My song concerns the gay revel  
Held 'neath the lofty Jermyn's stare.  
The clarion call of Pleasure sounds;  
Down hie the eager Hoboes, one and all,  
With eyes alight, bereft a frown,  
To Pickering's famed music hall.*

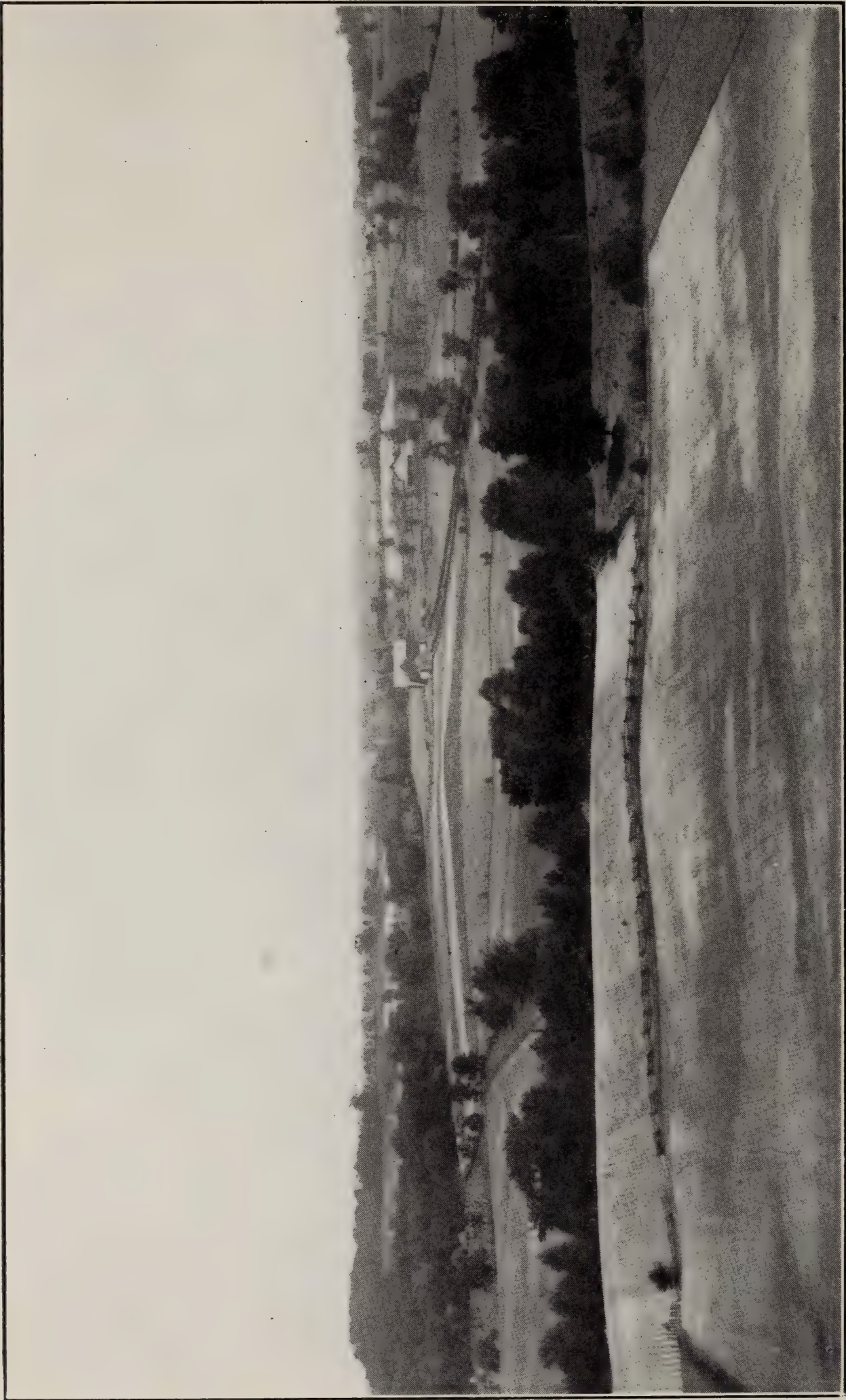
*Upon the dais, calm, serene,  
In awful panoply of state,  
The mighty Hobo chief is seen,  
His hat acock upon his pate.*



*With lusty cries, in throng the mob:  
"Hobo! Hobo!" ascends the shout,  
"Long live our mighty hikers' club,  
Till wise men, sneering, folly flout."  
With melody, our learned chief  
In rapture whiles away the day:  
"The gang's all here!" he loud proclaims,  
"Hush, lest the naughty word you say!"  
And then they cry, "A speech! A speech!"  
Up jumps the chieftain to his feet;  
"Hoboes, attention I bespeak,  
Again your future I'll repeat."  
With that, he waxed right eloquent;  
His aspirations high he told,  
Of how, in years to come, he meant  
The club a premier place to hold.  
The meeting closed with merry jest,  
And jubilation high and loud:  
"We'll ne'er regret the sturdy lost!"  
By Hobo knights it was avowed.*

BAYNE CUMMER.





LOOKING EAST FROM THE COLLEGE





“Genius is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in.

“In athletic sports as in business sometimes prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.”

## Rugby



### Senior Rugby Team

*Standing*—MR. JOSEPH McCULLEY, T. S. CORYELL, FRED HUDSON, G. E. KERNOHAN, G. G. SCARLET, R. F. LATHAM, K. A. COWAN, C. E. H. BAIN, MANAGER, MR. R. H. PERRY, COACH.

*Middle Row Sitting*—J. D. POOLE, J. M. PEACE, T. R. HARTWICK, A. J. FAREWELL, V. A. OILLE, CAPTAIN, A. G. MINNES, R. A. CONNOR, C. T. GORDON.

*Second Row Sitting*—J. PEACE, D. T. DOUGHTY, W. A. OILLE, R. D. CAMERON.

When Pickering organized its first 1927 meal and looked around the dining hall to see who was present, it saw a goodly number of stalwart and sinewy youths whose combined brains and brawn augured well for a rugby team. The outcome of it was that on the second day of school the somewhat lumpy South Field echoed to the "plump" of a rugby ball and the shouts of a score of boys. The rather motley collection of former school sweaters presented a weird spectacle, and after the lapse of a few days, during which the squad was sweated and worked, it became evident that a school uniform was going to be needed. With the arrival of very smart sweaters and stockings the evolution of a team began. Signals, line work, exercises, tackling, and the customary diving at the elusive bladder put everyone in fine shape.

It so happened that intensive competition for places on the team was lacking in view of the fact that the whole first team squad numbered only nineteen. This was somewhat of a handicap as it made it difficult to develop plunging and end runs to any degree of satisfaction. Nevertheless, at the end of a ten day grind it was apparent that all were eager and "rarin'" to tackle something more tremendous than substitutes, juniors or masters. Consequently a game was arranged with the Malvern Collegiate Seniors of Toronto who visited us on our newly marked field.



## PICKERING—MALVERN COLLEGIATE

On October 1st, the school turned out en masse to see the first squad do battle with the powerful Malvern team. The game was disappointing for us from the outset, but it did serve to show up our weaknesses, and as a result, certain rearrangements were made in the line-up. Farewell, Connor, and Hudson showed up well in the game, and the onlookers kept these three in mind as those from whom much could be expected.

Malvern 17; Pickering 4.

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## PICKERING—ST. ANDREWS

The team which we were most eager to meet was naturally our neighbour from Aurora. This pleasure was extended to us on October 3rd, when the College made its first official visit to St. Andrew's, being slated to play S.A.C. Seconds.

Before the game it was agreed that each team should play its own rules for half the time. Oddly enough we made the one and only score of the afternoon when playing the fourteen-man regulations.

The field was wet and very slippery, making breaks common. We took advantage of any coming our way and certainly deserved a larger score. Time after time we made yards, but were unable to get the slippery oval across the line. On one occasion Latham plunged for a touch but got mixed up with the goal post and the score was disallowed.

The whistle blew for half time with score 5-0 for us.

In the second half, playing Intercollegiate rules, Pickering set out with the determination to increase its lead. Though we played smart football and had control of most of the play, we had to contend with the powerful S.A.C. line.

Vern Oille, captain and quarterback, played a first class game, while the outsides, Bill Oille and Jim Peace, performed some faultless tackling. Minnes at snap handled the ball well in spite of its slipperiness.

Pickering 5; S.A.C. 0.

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## PICKERING—NORTH TORONTO COLLEGIATE

The school undertook to "show its stuff" against the North Toronto Collegiate Seniors at the grounds of Riverdale Tech. on October 7th. The field was very slippery, with a strong north wind blowing. Pickering seemed to be "dragging anchor" and played very sloppy football during the first half. Every break went against us, and though we were able to make yards repeatedly we seemed unable to score.

The last quarter was by far the best exhibition of football. Pickering took advantage of the wind, and utilizing one of the principles of aeronautics, sent some well directed punts over the line.

Clark and Kernohan played well for the school.

North Toronto 14; Pickering 8.

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It is worthy of comment that following the North Toronto game the Pickering "gridders" discussed the rugby situation fully. All agreed that the team should and could do better. The Headmaster made the suggestion that a training table be established, but pointed out that this would be of no special

consequence unless every player took the situation seriously and did everything he could to get into the best condition. All were unanimous in their desire to go into more rigid training. From that time on any early risers in the vicinity of the school might observe some twenty or thirty sleepy but determined youths in varied array running down the road that leads past the college. Following this might be seen a business-like physical training class in action, led by the Headmaster garbed in a well-worn sweater.

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#### PICKERING—U.T.S.

On October 11th, the University of Toronto Schools' senior team journeyed to Newmarket to do battle with our "Firsts." Considerable publicity had been given the College team up to this time by Toronto papers, so our visitors were at least prepared for some opposition. There is no doubt but what they got it, as the Blue and Gray squad played one of its best games of the season.

During the first half of the game it would have been difficult to pick the better team. Each had a certain superiority in its own particular department. U.T.S. had the best of the play in the third quarter, but early in the final period Pickering evened up the score and it looked for a time as though the College might pull out ahead. A fumble in the last few minutes of the game put U.T.S. in the lead and the final whistle blew before Pickering could recover.

Scarlett and Poole, both newcomers to football ranks, proved invaluable, while Farewell played his customary good game. Vern Oille handled the signals well, and was a thorn in the side of the visitors throughout the game.

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#### PICKERING—BARRIE COLLEGIATE

The Barrie game is one which sounds sweeter unsung. The College travelled north, intent on running up a big score against the Collegiate. It became evident early in the game that Pickering was not in the psychological mood for rugby, but would have done better in a mediocre game of quoits. Coupled with this was the fact that the School was somewhat taken aback by the questionable tactics employed by the northerners.

Barrie 16; Pickering 7.

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#### PICKERING—RIVERDALE COLLEGIATE

Against the Riverdale Seniors Pickering did much better. It was obvious, however, that we had the far stronger team. Every play worked to perfection, while the defensive operations prevented the visitors from gaining much ground.

It would be difficult to pick out any one player who was particularly superior. Cowan and John Peace might be credited with some good work on the line, while Connor and Hartwick made some excellent runs.

It is worth remarking that the Riverdale game was by far the cleanest of our exhibition series. Though losing from the outset the visitors played a hard, clean game from whistle to whistle.

Pickering 26; Riverdale 8.

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#### PICKERING—NORTH TORONTO

The return game with the North Toronto Collegiate Seniors was played at the school on October 25th. We were eager to reverse the decision of the early



season game and there is no doubt but what we were in a condition to do so. The game was a close one from start to finish. Pickering had a slight edge on the play but circumstances entered in which put us at the weak end of a close score.

North Toronto 6; Pickering 4.

#### PICKERING—VICTORIA COLLEGE

When Pickering journeyed to Toronto to play the Victoria College Mulock Cup aspirants (the eventual winners of the inter-faculty series) it had no idea as to the degree of opposition which was awaiting it. The school team opened up with a ragged display of football, apparently at a loss against the heavy opposition. Towards the end of the first half things improved. Victoria's weakness in catching was exposed to the light of day and Captain Oille made use of the discovery by kicking at every opportunity and sending the outsides down to perform some spectacular and air tight tackling. This session and the following quarter proved very interesting.

The university men boasted of a particularly heavy line. This became apparent as the game wore on, and our squad wore out. In spite of this, Pickering was in an admirable position to score several times, but was unable to break through Victoria's sturdy line.

The last few minutes of the game were unfortunate. The "Scarlet and Gold" ran over for a couple of touches and the tiring school team was unable to offer much opposition.

Cameron, recovered from his early season injury, was back in uniform, and with the outsides did some first class tackling.

Victoria 26; Pickering 11.

#### PICKERING—U.T.S.

It was with considerable anticipation that we met the University of Toronto Schools' team at the Stadium in Toronto for our return game. This occurred on November 4th. The Blue School had rated highly throughout the season, and no one was quite sure just what the outcome of the season's encounter would be.

In the opening minutes of the game U.T.S. was at the top of their form. It was unfortunate for us, shortly after the play began, that a mud-caked canine became involved in the play and in spite of all efforts of officials, performed an unexcelled bit of running interference during which the ball was carried over for a touch.

Pickering gradually woke up as the play progressed and took advantage of many mistakes on the part of U.T.S. At this point the College played one of its famous onside kicks and thus we had the lead early in the third quarter. U.T.S. played better rugby during the last quarter, and forged ahead. The final fifteen minutes were the most strenuous and exciting of the whole season



for all concerned. It looked as though we might "pull" a win, but U.T.S. put up such a strong argument that we were not able to overcome even their slight lead.

U.T.S. 15; Pickering 11.

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#### PICKERING—CENTRAL TECH.

The last game of the season, played November 11th, on our own grounds with Central Tech. of Toronto, was a complete farce. The team from the city, in all justice to it, played a good game, but to us the affair was in the nature of an anti-climax after the U.T.S. game. The result was that although the Pickering players wore uniforms and had signals, they were not prepared to soil the former or use the latter.

Bain and Doughty, recent recruits to the first squad, turned in good performances. Aside from these two no one deserves even an honourable mention.

Central Tech. ? Pickering ?

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This ended a season of rugby for the Pickering College of 1927. In many respects it was a successful one. It brought together the boys in a manner which would have taken much longer ordinarily. It fostered an early and wholesome school spirit. And last, but by no means least, it brought publicity to the school through the medium of various papers' sporting news.

So far as the general outcome of the season's games, it did seem once or twice as though we had the better team and should have won, but it is no easy matter for a school to play a series of ten exhibition games with all the enthusiasm of league engagements. With this in mind, and realizing too that most of our games were played against some of Toronto's best, I doubt if our season's record in rugby should cause us much groaning or remorse.

—R.H.P.

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## *The Players*

CAMERON—Flying Wing. Unfortunately Doug. was injured in practice early in the season; up to this time he had shown great form in tackling. However, the last few games gave us an opportunity to see him in action, and we were not disappointed.

CLARK—Centre Half or Snap. Don was one of the gamest players on the field. He was somewhat handicapped by an absence of avoirdupois but worked at either position along with the best.

CONNOR—Right Half. It was a treat to see Ralph running with the ball and, when he had it, it took more than the ordinary player to flatten him out. Although this was Ralph's first season on the backfield he combined his knowledge of plunging with speed and accuracy.

CORYELL—Seymour turned out faithfully to all the practices, and although not listed amongst the "Stars" gave at least his moral support. His fast running was his strong point. A combination of this and an ability to carry the ball should make him a useful player.



COWAN—Probably the most useful all round player on the team. Ken could be thrown into any breach on the line and play the position like a veteran. His best performances were turned in at outside wing, his playing being featured by smart tackling.

DOUGHTY—Played his first senior game during the latter part of the season, when he substituted at outside. At this position he did some effective tackling and worked in well with the team.

FAREWELL—Left Middle. Allan was undoubtedly the most consistently good player on the squad. His plunging and hole-making were both most effective. "Dooley" deserves credit for discovering and successfully using the spectacular short-end onside kick, which was such a touch-getter for the team.

GORDON—Harvey arrived at the school too late to prove his worth, but judging from the "stuff" which he showed in practice we think he should make an effective lineman.

HARTWICK—Centre Half. Ted came into his own during the second half of the season and did some valuable work as a ball-carrier. His catching and running back kicks were features of Ted's playing.

HUDSON—Left Half. Fred's playing was somewhat variable. In the first few games he was at his best, and did some spectacular ball carrying. Though not a tackler Fred turned in some remarkable exhibitions of play smashing.

KERNOHAN—Left Inside. Deserves a good deal of credit for working hard at one of the line positions which is least applauded. Gord. was responsible for some hard tackling and defensive work.

LATHAM—Our "big man" turned in some good work at right middle. There is no doubt but what his appearance on the lineup helped to create a certain uncomfortable feeling amongst the opposing players.

MINNES—Snap. Al. was the kind of player who has work to do and does it, though "rah rahs" from the bleachers be rare. His snapping was accurate, and even on a wet day Al. had the greasy ball problem solved. As a tackler, line breaker, and plunger he was one of the best.

OILLE, V.—Quarter. As Captain of the team Vern turned in some first class rugby. He leaves a vivid impression in our minds of going through the line with his arm outstretched like a sturdy bowsprit. Vern did most of the kicking and his catching was, at times, faultless.

OILLE, W.—Right Outside. In spite of being one of the lightest men on the team Bill seldom let anything get around his wing. His tackling was not only effective but neat, a combination not always found.

PEACE JAMES—Left Outside. Another of the squads tacklers. Jim turned in several games of rugby, and when at his best, his tackling was a thing worth noting.

PEACE, JOHN—Outside or Flying Wing. Johnnie was a capable player at more than one position. His strength lay in his blocking and tackling, which was usually air-tight.

POOLE—Inside or Middle. A player new to the game, though this was anything but apparent when Joe got into his stride. Besides doing some splendid offensive work Joe made a number of sensational tackles.

SCARLETT—Right Middle. Without making any apology for his first year at rugby Gowan played a remarkable game. Though he took a lot of punishment when carrying the ball, he usually made his yards leaving a trail of players behind him.

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CLARK BAIN, the jovial manager of the squad, certainly deserves credit for the cheerful way in which he worked with and for the team. "Milky" did everything which he thought would be of help, from First Aid or rubbing down the players, to supplying gum and wise cracks. Though no heavyweight Clark couldn't resist the temptation to put on a uniform, so that the last game or two saw him substituting on the backfield and carrying the ball as a ten-second man should.

On behalf of the team I should like to take this opportunity of thanking him for his conscientious work during the rugby season.

R.H.P.

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Mr. R.:—Where is the school toothpick?

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### *Fable*

Once upon a time Tux said to his room-mate, "Dick, you play the saxophone and I'll study."

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## *120 Pound Rugby Team*

Last fall when the first rugby team was practising on the south campus Mr. Widdrington undertook to show the lightweights and beginners the points of the game. Although almost the entire team was new in the field, under the good management of our coach and captain, Mr. Widdrington and 'Bus' Doughty, we were able to achieve success.

The team practised daily until a game was arranged with the Model School in Toronto. Though the game was played under handicaps the squad showed its strength on several occasions, especially when the offensive side was held back for three consecutive downs from our one yard line. Valentin Miranda brought his ability and fleetness into effect here when he broke away several times for long runs. This was the first victory, as the game ended with a score of 16-8 in our favour, and, indeed, it tended to stimulate the team for further encounters. The tackling of Harry Beer, the defensive work of Sitwell and the Kicking of Johnston featured this game.

Our only other fixtures was the return game with Model School on our own field. A strong west wind blew all afternoon and several plays had to be discarded. The only possible way of playing was to act entirely on the defensive one quarter and to kick at every opportunity the next. The wind caused many loose plays resulting in long runs and much scoring. However, we were again successful, this time winning by an even greater score, 26-3. Doughty, Miranda and Johnston featured with several long runs, while the latter used the wind to better advantage than did the Model kicker.





### 120 lb. Rugby Team

*Standing*—N. A. MITCHELL, D. S. CODY, C. A. GOULD, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, G. B. TILLEY, H. B. CUMMER, A. H. HAY, L. B. GREAVES.

*First Row Sitting*—J. S. STEPHENS, W. L. BELL, M. H. S. JOHNSTON, D. T. DOUGHTY, S. L. H. SITWELL, V. MIRANDA, J. S. OSBORNE.

*Second Row Sitting*—H. M. BEER, E. W. MCMAHON, G. J. MUIR, A. B. CARNEGIE.

These were the only games played with outside teams, but much enjoyment was derived from playing other teams in the College. The most important of these was when the first team played the 120 Pound Team plus the masters. It was played on a field of soft mud, making it hard but interesting.

In addition to those mentioned above reference should be made to the valuable play of Stephens, Gould, Hay, and Cummer. All the fellows showed good sportsmanship, and also team work rather than individual honours. In general the team turned out to be quite promising, and special thanks is given to our coach for his help and valuable advice. It is hoped that in the future the 120 Pound Team will achieve success, since its members will play on the first team in the following years and it is necessary that they should get as much attention as we have had this year.

LLOYD BELL.



## Hockey



### Junior Team

*Standing*—J. R. SHIELDS, MR. JOSEPH McCULLEY, HEADMASTER, R. A. CONNOR, MANAGER, C. E. H. BAIN, R. F. LATHAM, M. H. S. JOHNSTON, J. M. PEACE, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, G. G. SCARLET.

*Sitting*—D. OILLE, V. A. OILLE, T. R. HARTWICK, CAPTAIN, J. D. POOLE, J. PEACE.

Late in the fall, when the air had acquired that frosty tang which is the harbinger of winter, the fellows around the school began to turn their thoughts from football to hockey. Along the corridors and in the dormitories many interesting and enthusiastic conversations were taking place, mainly about “Who did he play for? What position does he play?”

In former years Pickering College had been represented in The Ontario Hockey Association (O.H.A.), so after a lengthy discussion it was decided that we would follow the footsteps of the College in its earlier days. We were rather unfortunate in being grouped with Newmarket and Danforths, two very strong clubs, Newmarket being S.P.A. champions of 1927. This, however, did not daunt the fellows, and, though not having championship aspirations, we hoped to make our opponents feel that they were playing against a hockey team. With this end in view practices were arranged at Varsity Arena and the fellows got down to serious work. We were fortunate in securing as coach “Mac” King, forward on University of Toronto first hockey team. “Mac,” however, was forced to leave us when the U. of T. team made its annual trip to the United States.

We opened the season by playing Danforths in the Toronto Arena, and although beaten we were not disgraced. The fellows went on the ice with practically no O.H.A. experience and for the first two periods they seemed to



be rather lost against our more experienced opponents. In the last period, however, they showed that they had some real promising material which, if properly developed, would make any team hustle before the season was over.

We were not wrong in our estimation of the team, as they showed marked improvement in every game played, gradually cutting down the scores and proving that they had real ability. Near the end of the season they really found themselves, and instead of cutting down opponents' scores, began to win a few games.

The season, so far as games won and lost was concerned, was not successful, but in the development of players for the succeeding years it was a success. With the exception of three players the team will be intact for two more years, some of the fellows even having three or four years left to play for the Blue and Gray.

Therefore, much is to be expected of Pickering College.

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### *First Team Hockey*

The chief fault of the whole team was a lack of steadiness, which may be ascribed almost entirely to the "greenness," and youth of the team, only three of whom had any previous O.H.A. experience, and all three of them, curiously enough, were goal keepers. This tendency to "blow" and to let one or two bad breaks destroy the morale of the team became far less prominent as the season progressed, and next year should find us blessed with a squad of seasoned campaigners.

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### *Characters*

"Ted" Hartwick, captain, left wing. By developing a bullet-like and accurate shot he became the chief scoring threat of the team. Has plenty of speed and is not afraid of mixing things, but was inclined to allow his check too much latitude near the goal, and could have passed with greater frequency.

"Vern" Oille, right wing. An aggressive player, with plenty of speed and untiring energy. When relieving at centre he showed good generalship and playmaking ability. Packed a hard shot. His chief fault was that of playing the man rather than the puck, and thus spoiling his effectiveness.

"Joe" Poole, right defence. Developed a body-check that slowed up opposing forwards tremendously, and was one of the team's chief assets. Offensively he went splendidly till he hit the blue line, when things generally went wrong. With the development of scoring punch he should be an outstanding player. His shot is weak at present, and he needs to learn to pass the puck.

"Dolly" Oille, centre. Despite a severe weight handicap he held down his position by virtue of speed, stick-handling ability, and a clever hook-check. His shot was hard, but generally too high to be effective.

"Johnny" Peace, left defence. Though the baby of the team in years, his speed, weight, and general aggressiveness belied his tender age. He was better offensively than defensively, as his rushes nearly always ended with a hard shot or a neat pass. He should be a tremendous asset to the team in the future. He was inclined to be lax in covering up his man.



“Jack” Shields, goal. On his good nights he was sensational and he turned in one or two efforts worthy of the highest praise. Due possibly to the fact that he alternated in the position and did not play regularly, he was apt to be erratic.

“Gowan” Searlett, goal. He alternated with Jack and rendered sterling service. His style was not orthodox and he was apt to be slow in clearing, but in some of our early O.H.A. games he probably established a record in pucks stopped in one minute.

“Jim” Peace, sub. right wing. He was late in rounding to form but when he got there he was as valuable a player as any in the team. He checked his man effectively, and on the attack he bored in on the goal for rebounds, and was generally in the right place for a pass. A tendency to wander from his wing occasionally marred his play.

“Murray” Johnston, sub. left wing. A hard-working player, who worried his cheek all the time and was also useful on the attack. With the acquisition of more speed and polish, he should prove a valuable player.

“Dick” Latham, sub. defence. The control of 200 pounds and 6 feet 2 inches upon the ice is always something of a problem, but Dick had practically solved it at the end of the season. He improved all around, and though his body-checking was a little awkward at times, and he suffered the usual fate of a big fellow at the hands of referees and crowds, he kept right on trying.

“Milky” Bain, sub. left wing. A little too light to be effective. Sickness played an important part in preventing him from showing his best wares. Back-checked well, but lacked aggressiveness on the attack.



*Intermediate Team*

C. E. H. BAIN, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON, R. F. LATHAM, F. HUDSON, R. A. CONNOR,  
A. J. FAREWELL, MR. K. R. PERRY, MR. R. H. PERRY.



## Midget Hockey



### Midget Team

*Standing*—D. T. DOUGHTY, J. S. STEPHENS, M. PEARSON, MR. G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON,  
G. B. TILLEY, L. T. McDONALD, J. S. OSBORNE.

*Sitting*—W. L. BELL, W. A. OILLE, S. L. H. SITWELL.

Directly after the Christmas holidays our thoughts were turned to hockey. Under the able guidance of Mr. Widdrington, a Midget team was formed. Bill Oille was elected captain, and heavy practices were started. Every afternoon one could see the young "to-be's" out in the rink, swatting and chopping at the elusive rubber. As the days rolled by the team became a unit, and Bell, Sitwell and Stephens made a trio hard to beat. Body checks were handed out by Bill Oille and Pearson, both of whom played a hard game on the defence. Osborne had the job in the nets and though young and inexperienced played good hockey. The subs were, Tilley, McDonald, and Doughty.

After a week of practising, a game was arranged with S.A.C., which was no tea-party, body checks, "etc.," being given without stint. The struggle ended with the college on the wrong end of the score.

We met U.T.S. next who later in the season reached the semi-finals for the city championship. It was a closely fought contest with the Toronto team emerging two goals up. Later in the season a return game was played in the Varsity Arena, and once more the College failed to get the most goals.

As the season was drawing to a close the team began to work together. Two games were played with the Model School. We were out to "bring home the bacon" and won both by decisive scores.

This being the first time Pickering ever had a Midget team not much was to be expected, but with this year's experience great things are going to be done by the College Midgets in the future.

W. A. OILLE.



## Bantam Hockey



### Bantam Team

*Standing*—G. R. LEGGE, A. B. CARNEGIE, W. M. THOMPSON, MR. R. H. PERRY, N. A. MITCHELL, L. B. GREAVES, G. J. MUIR, D. A. SINCLAIR, F. J. HATCH

*Sitting*—E. W. McMAHON, J. S. OSBORNE, W. G. N. ALLAN.

At the beginning of the hockey season the junior members of the college were not satisfied with having only a senior team, but wished to have a team of their own. The matter was discussed, and at length arranged; Mr. Ronald Perry consented to coach the team.

While the Bantam team did not appear to great advantage in the winning column, it developed some very promising talent, and towards the end of the season was rapidly perfecting its combination and general team-play. One or two positions were strengthened by the enrolment of new Bantams.

The team played seven games during the season. Of these, three were played away from home. A good many different types of team-play were met with, and the experience will prove very useful in the future. As a whole the team was good, but one player, Allan, stood out above the others. He was first tried at centre-forward, but was too fast for the other forwards and was more successful as defence. He was the backbone of the whole team.

Although the Bantam defeats were more numerous than their victories the team, as a whole, showed excellent spirit during the season, and some of the players will prove useful additions to the College Junior O.H.A. teams of the future.

S. OSBORNE.



## Basketball



### The Team

MR. JOSEPH McCULLEY, MR. T. C. SHORE, A. J. FAREWELL, S. C. MARSHALL, S. J. A. MASON, K. A. COWAN, D. T. DOUGHTY, J. R. SHIELDS, C. E. H. BAIN, V. MIRANDA, R. A. CONNOR, CAPTAIN.

In order to have everything up to the highest possible standard the Board of Trustees added an excellent gymnasium to the equipment of Pickering College. The Basketball team, in particular, greatly appreciated the new addition and is doing its best to prove that it was a worth-while investment.

It has been rather difficult to form a balanced team, as nearly all the players came from different schools and were accustomed to different forms of combination. Among these there were some players who had considerable experience in the game and they naturally formed the nucleus of the team.

We entered the North York Basketball League which included Newmarket, Aurora, and Richmond Hill High Schools. After winning two games and losing two the team settled down to work, with the result that the rest of the games were victories. In the first four games the two games were won by large margins while the losses were by close scores. The last three games were the thrillers and their result made us tie for first place. The first of these was at Aurora, where the team met defeat by one point. The "Blue and Gray" pulled up six points in the last seven minutes, while holding the Double Blue scoreless. The next game, at Richmond Hill, the boys won by two points. An eight point lead in the first half decided the tussle, although the boys down the line pulled up to within two points before the game was ended. The last game of our



schedule was in our own gymnasium with Aurora as our opponents. This game was fast from start to finish. It was anybody's game until the final gong sounded, when the score stood at 29-26 in favour of Pickering. Thus we won four and lost two. The league ended with Aurora, Richmond Hill and Pickering tied for first place. When the draw was made the Blue and Gray received the bye. At the time of writing the play-offs are being anxiously looked forward to.

In the six league games Pickering has scored one hundred and fifty points, or an average of twenty-five a game, which is a high average. On the team there is one player who has been outstanding in his ability to score baskets, namely, Jack Shields, who is a former U.T.S. player. He has scored an average of eleven points a game.

Ralph "Pudge" Connor, captain and left defence, is quite capable of holding his own against anyone and is an asset to any team. He plays a steady game and is a good shot. He could easily be moved up to the forward line and still balance the team. The way that Ralph goes down the floor with the ball reminds us of the iron horse in action.

Allan "Dooley" Farewell, right defence, is a hard worker and a good checker. At the rate that we see "Dooley" making them from centre he will be getting them from any where on the floor by the end of the season.

Jack "Stoop" Shields—"Hurry, Hurry!" right forward. Jack is about the hardest worker on the team, right with the ball all the time. He is one of the best shots on the team, and he plays his position excellently.

Basil "Cherub" Mason—centre, plays his position well and is a good shot. He works hard and is a good checker. Steadiness and combination are his chief assets. He improved greatly during the season.

Clarke "Milky" Bain—"But Dempsey came back"—forward, made the team last term but dropped it on account of hockey and is back again once more. He is a good relief player and works hard.

Kenneth "Casey" "Ryan" Cowan N.I. (not Irish)—defence. Ready at all times, and works his hardest whenever on the floor.

Valentin Miranda ("Senoritàs Beware")—defence. Is a good checker and nearly always gets the ball from his opponent. Being quick on his feet he is a valuable man to have around. A wonder for his first year.

Donald "Shy" Clark—"Badminton for Three"—general substitute. Was a forward but in a practice received an injury to his foot which kept him out of the game for a prolonged period. On returning he was put on the defence, and has proven to be capable of filling the position.

Cavers Marshall—(M.B.P.P.)—forward. Played for Newmarket High School earlier in the season but later joined the Blue and Gray squad. Is a ready substitute and works hard. He is a good checker and shoots fairly well.

DOUGLAS T. DOUGHTY.

Douglas "Buster" Doughty—"our infant prodigy"—left forward, back-checker par excellence. This was Buster's first year in basketball and he showed a great deal of promise for the future. He is a good shot, but very unlucky in the games. His checking was outstanding. He played his position like a veteran and as a result few baskets were scored by our opponents from this quarter.

T.C.S.

**Ed. Note:** The close of the season, after exciting play-offs, found the college in second place to Richmond Hill. Congratulations to the victors!



## My Favourite Sport

When I was approached by the editor to write an article on the subject of skiing, in all modesty I replied to him, "Why, I don't know anything about it." To my chagrin he answered, "Well, I know that, but write something." Whereupon, I was so flabbergasted that I immediately agreed to do as he asked, if only to prove my extensive knowledge of the subject. This is the result of my rash promise.



The manly and noble form of suicide known as skiing was originated in Norway. Of its earlier existence in that country little need be said here. (In other words the writer knows nothing about it). Suffice it to say that, having obtained great proficiency in jumping there, with great leaps and bounds it crossed the ocean from iceberg to iceberg, finally landing in Canada's premier city, Ottawa. Thence it has spread through Ontario and Quebec; even into such austere institutions of learning as Pickering has its maddening influence penetrated.

The equipment that is required for this neck-breaking sport is extremely simple, consisting only of one pair of skis (not more than fifty yards long), two poles, one harness, one horse shoe and one Life Insurance Policy. The skis are useful in giving the initial impulse for the descent. Indeed, some experts claim that they create a proper atmosphere, reasoning that the ludicrous sight of a ski waved aloft in the air by its fallen owner, by that queer process of thought known as the comic complex, would indicate to the intelligent bystander that he was witnessing an exhibition of skiing. By those who are skilled in the sport the poles are rarely used, but most beginners find that they give a pleasant sense of security, and, indeed, often enjoy the invigorating massage of their backbones resulting from a precipitous descent on the steel-tipped points. The harness has also the same psychological effect, and, in addition, creates in the mind of the ski the impression that it is a balky horse, thus making the sport much more thrilling.

However, by far the most important thing in skiing is not the matter of equipment, nor, indeed, of the proper posture in standing or lying on skis, but that of praying. Whenever an expert slides down a hill you will notice that he bends forward, not, as runs a popular fallacy, to prevent him from falling headlong, but rather to enable him to offer more fitting devotion to the patron god of all skiers, Mother Earth. It is for this purpose, too, that every devout skier hangs a horseshoe around his neck or carries a rabbit's foot in his pocket, although there are many who hold the opinion that it is an act greatly presuming upon the patience of the god, for who could ever imagine any skier reaching the bottom of a hill without an upset?

Thus it may be gleaned from this rambling account that skiing is an all round sport, for not only does it develop (and break) every bone and muscle in the body, but also exercises the will-power, deepens the spiritual qualities, and provide an unique performance of vaudeville for surpassing the best theatres in humour and tragedy.

## Soccer

Pickering College had last Fall several pick-up games in soccer under supervision of Mr. Bunce and Mr. Widdrington.

When the school opened the beautiful fall days found a number of fellows practicing (Soccer).

We had some amusing games when the majority of the fellows were persuaded to go out and play soccer instead of football. Two sides were chosen to see as some boys had played organized teams which others had never kicked a pig-skin before.

Now for the future we have a better team.

I think with those players in the following, we shall be able to play against some other teams:—Aries, Bunce, Pearson, Bain, Widdrington, Sitwell, Stephens, Miranda, Osborne, Clark, Peace.

VALENTIN MIRANDA.

(Ed. Note—The above article was written by a student who six months previously could speak no English. It has been left without correction or amendment).

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## Tennis

Two splendid tennis courts were included in the equipment with which Pickering College started its first year. These courts certainly justified their existence. It was seldom that they were vacant on fine days, in the time allotted for athletics.

There were a number of players who had a great deal of experience at the game and their playing proved an inspiration to those who had not advanced to such a stage. A tournament was held in October, which, although on account of approaching winter was never completed, nevertheless served to bring about some very interesting competition.

At this date (April 19th) it seems that tennis will soon come into its own again as a pastime and sport.

Of all individual games there is probably none which requires more grey-matter, and at the same time a high quality of technique, than does tennis.

With an example like Mr. Shore, of inter-collegiate tennis fame, we can expect to see the development of many promising youngsters before the school closes in June. It has been suggested that Pickering College have a tennis team. Whether this idea will bear fruit, remains to be seen.

FRED HUDSON.

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## Colours Awarded

Just previous to going to press the colour committee composed of Coaches and Captains of the various teams, and the Headmaster, announced the following athletic first team colour awards for the year 1927-28.

FOOTBALL:

Oille, V., (Captain), Connor, Farewell, Hudson, Minnes, Scarlett.

HOCKEY:

Hartwick, (Captain), Oille, V., Peace, (John), Poole.

BASKETBALL:

Connor, (Captain), Farewell, Mason, Shields.



## Boxing

It came to pass in the very early days of this earth, that the famous admiral, Noah, commander of the good ship "Ark," was in desperate straits. Sailing about on an uncharted sea, embarked on a venture the failure of which would leave the world in a state of unprecedented chaos, this inexperienced navigator had lost his bearings. As he was walking about, meditating on the best way of recovering them, a large baboon unwittingly wandered in front of the perplexed captain. Mechanically Noah struck the brute with his clenched fist, and thereupon a brilliant expedient dawned on his bewildered mind. He would invent the science of boxing, box the compass, and thereby steer a course straight to Mount Ararat.

From this humble origin the science of boxing has evolved. Until well nigh the close of the nineteenth century, its practice was confined to the Chinese. This energetic people formed a boxing society, and won for themselves the title of the champion pugilists of the world in that great combat known as the Boxer War. The English, who had adopted this sport with gusto, were active contestants in the struggle; indeed, the enthusiasm was so keen in England that a magazine with the title "Punch" was published to inform the expectant public of the progress of this great sporting event. Tournaments were held at all the village fairs in the land, usually between male and female combatants, with the almost inevitable result that the male pugilist (Punch) was severely clouted on the head and knocked out by his brawny female opponent (Judy), a pictorial representation of which is so often shown in the comic sections of our own newspapers. Indeed, to the writer this appeals as a notable stage in the advancement of the sport, for is it not better to watch the heroic struggles of Maggie and Jiggs depicted in a two-cent newspaper (especially if the reader has acquired the art of unobtrusively looking over the shoulder of the man next to him in the street car) rather than to pay the goodly sum of two dollars for the privilege of watching the backs of the spectators in the front rows as they eagerly follow an epic struggle?

Finally, as my supply of foolscap is nearly exhausted (I must keep at least one piece for my own headgear), I will end this short history of boxing with the old-fashioned temperance maxim, "Be moderate even in the use of punch!"

BAYNE CUMMER.

"If an enemy smite thee on thy right cheek, let thy subsequent actions be governed largely by his size."

MILTON (DAVISON).

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## Baseball

For the spring of 1928 at least it has been decided that softball would be the premier sport. At the present time the Senior School is divided into a league of three teams, which are competing for a chicken dinner donated by the Headmaster. Ralph Connor, Vern Oille and Jack Shields are the Captains of the so-called major league. The Intermediates and Juniors will also have their league known as the Minors. Considerable interest is being manifested in the sport and it seems that everyone in the school will have ample opportunity to participate.

## *Badminton*

When winter began to wane and ice was no longer sure for skating or hockey a great number of students discovered that badminton was a splendid exercise and an attractive way of passing the time.

There is but one court in the gymnasium but it was used every available moment. The most popular time seemed to be after study when weary and jaded nerves found recreation in this popular game.

Tournaments in doubles and singles are being held which are not as yet completed. It was generally conceded, however, that the singles' title would be won by either Charles "Tuxer" Gould or Bob Rourke. These two players met in the semi-final round before almost the whole senior school as a gallery. They waged a terrific struggle which was won eventually by Gould, who had the most staying power in the last game. Gould has still to meet the winner of the semi-final match between Miss Ancient and Mr. Shore. There may still be an interesting upset in general calculations, as these two players both play a steady game.

HUDSON.

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## *The Waiters*

If any body had passed a certain corner, in a certain city, on a certain day a few months ago, they would have seen two boys leaning up against a lamp post surveying, with searching eyes, all the people who chanced to pass and the occupants of every car that turned the corner. They had been waiting thus for several hours. Twelve o'clock boomed out from a nearby clock, and the two boys stepped into a cafeteria to eat lunch. They emerged in a very few minutes, wiping the crumbs of a raisin pie from their mouths, and resumed their vigil. Hours later dusk began to creep over the hurrying crowd and the boys again patronized the cafeteria. At eleven o'clock, the street being fairly well emptied of human life, they lay down on the sidewalk close to the protecting wall of the cafeteria. They slept.

They were awakened by a passing policeman at seven o'clock, and after a little nourishment once more took up their positions against the lamp post.

A week passed thus, the only difference being that the paint had worn off the lamp post where their shoulders rubbed. A month later they were getting reductions from the cafeteria because of their regular patronage. Apart from this there was no change except that a groove had begun to form in the sidewalk where they had been accustomed to sleep and the lamp post had been repainted twice. They had had an offer to act in a sideshow in a circus not far distant. The proposition had been for them to act as dummies, remaining motionless the entire day except for brief respites when food would be brought to them. They had declined, with thanks, and these words had been the first either of them had spoken for twenty-seven days except when they ate. Beards had grown on their chins, and their clothes were ragged. Money had been offered them by kindly old ladies who thought they could not afford a shave.

Finally as winter came on and they had begun to grow a little impatient one of them said, "I wonder if Carl Laing has forgotten to meet us with his car."



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